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THE IMPERIAL DEATHBED.

THE venerable Emperor William of Germany was stricken, on Wednesday last, with a fit of illness so serious that no hope of his recovery could be entertained. On the day following, an Imperial decree was promulgated, which had been signed in November last, charging Prince William to represent the Emperor as Regent in the transaction of current Government business. On the same day, Thursday the 8th inst., the Emperor fell into a deep swoon, which caused the premature announcement of his death. His wonderful vitality enabled him once more to rally during the

night; but on Friday morning the long life of the old soldier-monarch peacefully closed. Had he lived until the 22d of this month he would have passed his ninety-first birthday. Prince Bismarck and General von Moltke, who had stood by his side at so many battles of war and state, were by his bedside at the last. The aged Empress, and young Prince William, together with other members of the Imperial family and some of the Ministers of the Government, were also present; while throughout Berlin both business and pleasure were suspended, and vast, silent crowds gathered about the palace, at whose historic window the beloved Kaiser could never again appear in response to their salutations.

The gloom of Berlin extended throughout Germany, and was reflected in London and other European capitals. The eyes of all Germans in America, and elsewhere away from the Fatherland, were turned thitherward, first in deep solicitude, then in mourning. Many flags at half-mast were seen in New York city. At Rome, the Italian Chamber of Deputies was adjourned. Even in Paris, the usual gayety of the season was suppressed in chivalrous feelings of sympathy and concern, while the voice of national passion was stilled at a time when speculation upon the events of the near future was inevitable. The Crown Prince prepared immediately to leave San Remo and proceed with his household to Berlin.



FREDERICK WILLIAM VICTOR ALBERT, THE NEW CROWN PRINCE OF GERMANY.

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ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER.

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MR. FRANK LESLIE, Proprietor.

NEW YORK, MARCH 17, 1888.

THE REPUBLICAN POLITICAL SITUATION.

IT is of interest to note the varying changes that take place from month to month in the prospects of party leaders and in the fortunes of political parties. The President's tariff message, the Mills Tariff Bill, the Fisheries Treaty and the Maine elections have rendered the Democratic outlook less promising than it was a few months ago. The Republican situation has been correspondingly improved by these events, and by the elimination of Mr. Blaine from the list of Presidential candidates.

The Republicans are now free, without interference on the part of their late unsuccessful leader, to choose their candidate to meet the demands of the changed business and political conditions. As the state of our national finances is anything but satisfactory, and our commercial and manufacturing interests are declining when they should be improving, there is a disposition to look for some tried, practical statesman and trained financier to help the country out of difficulties which are not insurmountable.

In the judgment of many Republicans, Senator Sherman more nearly meets the requirements of the hour, and comes up more fully to the business man's ideas of a safe and useful President, than any other aspirant. His great services in connection with the National Bank Act, the refunding of the public debt and the resumption of specie payments, are dwelt upon by financial and business men with proper pride. Students of finance affirm that neither Colbert, Necker nor Hamilton ever dealt with financial problems of the magnitude of those which Secretary Sherman so successfully solved. It is not strange, therefore, that so eminent a financier, who has never been placed on the retired list for a day since he entered public life thirty-three years ago, should be found in the lead of the Republican candidates for the Presidency since the formal withdrawal of Mr. Blaine.

But there are other candidates who have their friends and substantial claims. The most popular of these in the pivotal State of New York is undoubtedly the Hon. Chauncey M. Depew. This brilliant gentleman's following in his own State is extraordinarily large; there are thirty thousand employes of the New York Central Railroad and its branches, to whom he is personally known, besides other thousands over whose interests he has in one way or another an indirect control. Moreover, Mr. Depew is a public man of rare oratorical powers, of graceful manners, of versatile talents and wide knowledge of affairs, who is well fitted by his tact and executive training for the highest administrative office. Within the State of New York, for the reasons suggested, Chauncey M. Depew would doubtless poll more votes than any candidate the Republicans could name. The monopoly cry would not injure him at home, where his generosity to his subordinates and broad sympathies for the poor are so well known. But outside of New York he would suffer somewhat from his connection with a powerful corporation, and would probably not run so well in the West and South, especially, as Mr. Sherman.

General Hawley is still regarded favorably in certain quarters as a Presidential candidate, and he certainly possesses the necessary qualifications for the position to which he aspires. He has long been a favorite candidate of the "Mugwump" element of New York, but whether the anti-Blaine Press would support him as against President Cleveland has not been clearly made known. But a general indisposition to go East for a Presidential candidate may leave General Hawley the option of only the second place on the national ticket.

Judge Walter Q. Gresham has his friends in almost every State in the Union, who allege that the late Postmaster-general is rarely endowed for high executive office. They insist that his military and judicial records are good, and point to his decision in the Wabash Receiver case as proof of his incorruptibility and independence. It is doubtful, however, whether there are enough salient points in Judge Gresham's brief public career upon which to base a demonstration of exceptional fitness. Should the vote of Indiana be divided between Harrison and Gresham, as is now probable, neither would draw many votes, in Convention, from other States.

Senator Allison, of Iowa, will go into the Republican Convention with the united vote of his own State. Whether he will develop strength beyond this cannot yet be determined. If he should turn out to be the heir and political legatee of Mr. Blaine, he would prove to be a formidable candidate, but this does not now seem to be probable. He is a man of high abilities and unexceptionable record, who joins to a sober habit of mind a wide knowledge of affairs, and he would no doubt command the hearty support of his party.

Governor Beaver of Pennsylvania is at this time perhaps the most promising dark horse. His military record was brilliant, and his political record has been equally so. His popularity is shown by his running ahead of his ticket in the Gubernatorial contest, which seems to prove that a soldier with one leg can run better in a political

race than other men with two. But there are times when great questions can best be settled by great men.

THE CONTRAST OF TWO LIVES.

THE almost simultaneous passing away of the Alcotts, father and daughter, was in keeping with lives inseparably connected, in which the usual relations of father and daughter were reversed. Those who vaguely revered Bronson Alcott as an "inspired mystic" and "the last of the Concord sages" will continue to regard him as a vital impulse in the work of Emerson, and an inspiration to some of the best thoughts of the transcendental thinkers. Those who knew Alcott as one to whom no lasting production in tangible form can be credited, as a self-absorbed dreamer content to subsist upon the labor of his daughter, will hear with impatience the claims put forth for his canonization. He had outlived his time, a strange time of mental fermentation, and the present generation knows little of his earlier work. The theory of the encouragement and development of the young minds, which he practiced from 1826 to 1836 undoubtedly was based on a right perception of the child's mind as an active rather than a passive instrument; but he was in advance of his time. For this and other reasons he drifted into transcendental theorizing, club discussions, and experiments in community-founding. His want of tenacity and coherent purpose prevented his work as a teacher from ranking him with Pestalozzi and Froebel, and yet his influence as a natural educator undoubtedly counted for something. As a peripatetic philosopher it is perhaps impossible to measure his influence, for he produced nothing of permanent worth; and the extent of his influence upon Emerson, with whom he was so long and so closely associated, cannot be gauged, and may be readily overestimated. His associations, age and vague reputation gave him a peculiar position at the Concord School of Philosophy in his later years, but there are those who deem mystical "philosophizing" less essential than the fulfillment of the responsibilities of husband, father and citizen.

His daughters took the place which their father should have filled. When he announced to his wife that heat and cold were purely subjective, and dependent upon the mind, and then left her without a fire while he went to sit in Emerson's warm study, the action and the duties devolving upon the daughters were typical of their life. At the age of sixteen Louisa Alcott began the bread-winning which her father regarded as too unimportant for a sage, although he was willing to share the bread. She was nurse, governess, teacher, seamstress, by turns, and after her earlier slight efforts in literature and her experience as a hospital nurse in the war, she became traveling-companion for an invalid. Although her "Hospital Sketches" met with some popular favor, it was not until the publication of "Little Women" in 1868 that Louisa Alcott achieved substantial success. She earned her rank as a prosperous authoress, but she was always the devoted daughter of a father devoted to himself. "I am riding in Louisa's golden chariot," Bronson Alcott once said, and he was content. The manner of her death typified the relation between father and daughter. Throughout the Winter she had been confined to her house by a dangerous illness, but her father desired to have her at his bedside, and she came. The effort was too much, and the severe cold which she contracted caused her death on the day of her father's funeral. Her life was a productive one. Her life and death were both examples of self-sacrifice.

METHODS OF TARIFF REFORM.

THE methods of the tariff reformers are not to be commended. For the first time in the history of the country a Tariff Bill affecting important business interests has been framed in secret behind closed doors. Who drew this Bill now before the House? No one knows. Where was it drawn? Its first appearance is in the form of three hundred completed and printed copies, dumped down at the doors of the Committee on Ways and Means, of whom only a plurality of one, and that a party plurality, have ever seen it. The minority of the Committee, whose members have never seen it, represent three-fourths of all the agricultural capital and labor of the country, nine-tenths of all its transportation capital and labor, nineteen-twentieths of its banking capital, and forty-nine parts in fifty of its literature, patents, colleges and schools. The majority of the Committee represent no great national interests; and the taxable values of the States from which they come are only one-fourth those of the States represented by the minority who are excluded from all participation in the framing of tariff legislation.

Nor is this all. The arbitrary course of the majority does not end with the preparation of the Bill. Having reported it to the full Committee, they now close their doors against the representatives of the manufacturing industries affected by the Bill, and reject also all applications for a hearing from workingmen, farmers, wool-growers and others who are immediately concerned in the proposed legislation. All these may present written or printed statements criticising the Bill, to be thrown into the waste-basket unread; but this is the limit of the privilege which will be allowed to American citizens solicitous for the protection of endangered interests. If this is not bulldozing in its worst form, what is it?

What would be the outcome of such a Bill, thus framed and engineered, if it could become a law? This question resolves itself simply into the question, Is it or is it not a Bill to substitute imported for domestic products? It certainly is, in some of its provisions. A large amount of revenue heretofore paid almost wholly, or wholly, by foreign producers, is, by the repeal of the duties on lumber, coal, salt and wool, breadstuffs and provisions, presented to these foreign producers. American consumers will not gain by these additions to the free list, since they are all articles on which the duty could not be added to the price, and hence the amount saved by these repeals all goes into non-resident pockets. The range of goods on which duties are merely reduced is still, however, sufficient to make it on the whole a Bill to triple importations, and hence to increase the surplus. The importations in the iron and steel list and woolen goods list alone would suffice to make it a Bill to increase the surplus. In this respect it would operate like the tariffs of 1843-57-60, under which, though the average rate of duties collected on every \$10 of imports fell from \$2.34 under the tariff of 1842 to only \$1.99 under the tariffs of 1846-57, still the rise in the volume of imports being from an average of \$91,000,000 per year under the tariff of 1842 to an average of \$237,000,000 per year for the fifteen years under that of 1846, the effect was to exactly double the revenue by exactly quadrupling the imports. This experiment has been tried again and again, always with the same result.

Will the Bill pass? If the methods which originated it, and which are those of blind despotism, without debate can pass it, it will be passed. If the disintegrating jealousies and strifes which have for seven years divided political counsels among the Northern people continue in their full vigor, the Bill will pass. And, if it passes, then—let them that are upon the housetops not come down—for that will be the day of the deluge.

A GREAT RULER DEAD.

ONE of the most conspicuous figures of modern times has disappeared in the decease of Emperor William of Germany, the announcement of which, on Friday last, filled all Europe, and America as well, with sorrow. The taking-off of this illustrious ruler is momentous, not only on account of the grave circumstances attending the succession, in view of the malady of the Crown Prince, and the unsettled condition of European politics, but also because, as a soldier and wonderfully successful military monarch, his influence has overshadowed the Continent almost from the downfall of the first Napoleonic Empire until long past that of the second. He united the German States, made the Empire an unrivaled Power, and then gave his voice for peace. The immense work which he has done for the Fatherland has been that of a soldier-king of the old régime, rather than that of a progressive constitutional ruler; and there is scarcely another monarchy in Europe to-day where personality of the hereditary ruler has so important a bearing upon the interests and affairs of the country, at home and abroad, as is the case with Germany. Whether this personal influence can be maintained in the coming dynastic changes, and in the face of the growing popular demand for larger political privileges and a more rapid progress in the actualities of constitutional government, the future only can determine.

Speculation has been rife as to whether or not the Crown Prince Frederick William, upon whom the succession naturally falls, may ever be crowned Emperor of Germany. There is too little doubt that he has received his death-warrant, and while he has been formally proclaimed King of Prussia and head of the Empire, it is scarcely possible that he can ever enter actively upon his Imperial duties. It is obvious, however, that he means, for the sake of his English wife and their daughters, to actually assume the crown before he dies. Before this is printed, the Crown Prince and his household will be in Germany; although at the present writing it is admitted that the patient of San Remo is unfit for travel. Various disquieting rumors are afloat; and it is certain that most Germans regard with uneasiness the contingency of young Prince William's accession to power, either as Emperor or Regent, with Prince Bismarck as virtual dictator of Germany.

FRANCE AND ITALY.

PRINCE BISMARCK'S allusion to the French hatred of other nations has called forth many criticisms from the French Press. A recent article in the *Siccle* gives the sum and substance of these criticisms. The article begins by declaring that the Frenchman is constitutionally disinclined to hate, and is even too ready to forget a wrong done to him. Then follows the inevitable reference to the ancient Gauls, with their love of adventure and their light ways, and their kindly feeling towards their neighbors. There is, adds the *Siccle*, no bitterness felt in France towards any nation but Italy, and towards her only because her statesmen have been trying, ever since 1870, to push their country into the position once held by France as a Great Power. It is the ambition of the Italians that imperils the relations of the two countries.

If this were a statement of facts, it would still condemn the argument of the Paris paper; for ambition, in the large sense here indicated, is a natural and healthy symptom in the life of a nation. The statement is, however, without foundation in fact. Italy has shown no desire whatever to take advantage of France. She kept herself aloof from every combination that implied jealousy of the French influence or opposition to French policy, until the occupation of Tunis, with its preliminary and subsequent irritations.

sufficiently warned her, for the twentieth time, that those who go to war for an idea keep one eye steadily fixed on the main chance.

It is the misfortune of Italy that the French, for purposes of their own, aided her in throwing off the Austrian yoke. The French were well paid for their services, first, in hard money for the expenses of the campaign, and next, by the cession to France of Nice and Savoy. If there were in the talking and writing Frenchmen half as much delicacy as they claim, they would be ashamed to remind others too loudly of the part played by the Government of Napoleon III. in the war of 1859. The hatred of the French for the Italians is patent to every man who looks into French current literature, meant for the entertainment of the average Frenchman. Aurélien Scholl writes, in the preface of a *roman*, that "200,000 Italians made a magnificent chorus and a dubious army;" as if he had never heard of Metz and 170,000 veteran soldiers given up, with arms in their hands. Not one French paper in a hundred, of those held to be respectable, hesitates to call the Italian statesmen Bismarck's lackeys. Organs of a new type exist in Italy as in France; but the tone of the higher Italian journals is uniformly dignified and self-respecting.

Thiers, it is well known, opposed the unity of Italy with all his influence and eloquence. "In the sixteenth century," he said, "France had to struggle against the Empire supported by Spain. If Italy is united, the union of Germany will follow, and we shall have to contend with these in the next century as once against Spain and Germany." This expresses the sentiment of those Frenchmen who to-day care to give themselves a reason for their animosity against Italy; and to this sentiment is added a kind of instinctive anger against the people who dare to prefer the interests of their own country to those of France.

It was the belief of Cavour, expressed in one of his letters, that the position of Italy would never be well defined and firm until she had had a war with France; for, great statesman as he was, Cavour had not the *Sticlé's* absolute confidence in the kindly disposition of the Gauls.

THE INTERNAL REVENUE BILL.

THE Internal Revenue Bill prepared by the Democratic majority of the House Ways and Means Committee, and consolidated, by a party vote, with the Tariff Bill, proposes a reduction, according to the estimate of the Committee, of about \$20,000,000 taxes on tobacco and \$5,000,000 in specific taxes. It repeals all the laws taxing tobacco-growers and manufacturers of tobacco except those of cigars, cheroots, and cigarettes. The special tax on manufacturers is reduced to \$3, or one-half, and the license of dealers is reduced from \$2 to \$1. Under this law, if passed, leaf tobacco will be absolutely free. The special license to retailers of spirits and malt liquors is also removed, as well as the tax on manufacturers of stills. Fruit brandy is not affected by the Bill, but the distillers of fruit brandy are entitled under it to the same privileges as to warehousing as the distillers of spirits from grain. The Bill proposes material modifications of the internal revenue administrative laws with a view of rendering them less obnoxious in whisky and tobacco producing districts. The total reduction of revenue under the Tariff and Revenue Bills combined is estimated at \$80,000,000.

The obvious objection to this Bill is that it does not go as far as it should, and that, besides, it is in some respects sectional. Then, while it abolishes or minimizes most of the offenses for which prosecutions are possible under the present law, it retains all the machinery of the Internal Revenue Department, thus perpetuating an expenditure altogether unnecessary. The wiser course would be to abolish the internal revenue system in its entirety. The *Journal of Commerce* says truly that to "wipe out that blot on the government of a free people would hurt nothing in the way of trade and commerce and inflict no injury whatever on any producing or manufacturing interests. It would just meet the present necessity by reducing the revenue to the required standard. It would avoid the long and disturbing quarrel over the question of free trade and protection, sure to be fierce and bitter in the face of the quadrennial election, and would offend nothing but an erroneous sentiment that a tax on whisky and tobacco limits the use or abuse of these products, and is, therefore, desirable as a conservator of morals."

THE Republicans of the New York Assembly have made the Crosby High License Bill a caucus measure, and it may possibly pass that body. The Bill is not altogether what it ought to be, but if it can be enacted into a law, it will abate in some degree the monstrous evils of the liquor traffic, and will thus be a step in the right direction. Three other Bills have also been made party measures, namely, a Local Option Bill, a resolution to submit a prohibitory amendment to the people, and a Bill limiting the number of saloons to 1 in 500 of population. It would seem that men of all parties should be willing to support the last of these measures, and at any rate it will be well to put a mark on the legislators who have the hardihood to vote against it.

A BILL to provide a system of postal telegraphy has been reported to the House of Representatives by the Committee on Commerce. It appropriates \$8,000,000 for the establishment of telegraph lines under the direction of the Secretary of War, and provides that the system, when established, shall be under the general supervision of a Fourth Assistant Postmaster-general. The rates of tariff for twenty-word telegrams are ten cents for 500 miles or less, and twenty cents for 500 to 1,000 miles, with proportionately increased rates for longer distances. The Bill provides for telegraphic postal money orders at existing mail rates plus the telegraph tolls. The report which accompanies the Bill asserts that the service will be self-sustaining, defends the Government's right to build and operate telegraph lines, and says that neither public opinion nor good faith requires the Government to purchase the property and franchises of the Western Union Telegraph Company.

THE first period of the strike of the Chicago, Burlington and Quincy locomotive engineers seems to have resulted in favor of the corporation, and the engineers have suffered some loss of popular sympathy as the facts in the case have been more clearly established. As we pointed out last week, the request of the engineers that all should be paid alike was something which affected themselves, but the company had clearly the right to manage its own business, and that right it could not afford to abdicate. Chief Engineer Arthur's compulsory reconciliation with the Knights of Labor in order to prevent Knights from filling the vacancies indicates that the Brotherhood's power is less than has been claimed. This power, however, has not been fully shown, and the reports of an extension of the strike to other roads suggest a possibility of further trouble. The Wabash and other roads having refused to receive freight from the Chicago, Burlington and Quincy, that company last week applied for an injunction restraining the Wabash from further refusing business offered it, and should this

injunction be granted, a general tie-up is probable, as the engineers as a body declare their purpose not to handle a train on any road that aids the Burlington. At Omaha the United States Court has already granted an order which requires the Union Pacific to take freight from the Burlington Road, and restrains the Union Pacific engineers from refusing to take it, and also from striking, combining or confederating for the purpose of organizing or advising a strike.

MONOPOLISTS are not usually amusing, but when monopolists disagree, the public have a chance for entertainment. Mr. Claus Spreckels, the sugar king of the Pacific slope and Sandwich Islands, has arrived in the East to try conclusions with the Sugar Trust, which rules the business on the Atlantic seaboard, and indeed as far West as the Missouri. The Trust, which controls fifty millions or more, has already closed several refineries, and within three months it has marked up the price of sugar a cent and a half a pound. The Trust has captured one of Mr. Spreckels's San Francisco refineries, and he therefore has taken to the warpath. He declares that he will never enter the Trust, and will not be undersold. The Trust people declare that they have the most money, and will wipe him out. There is an old saying about the conditions under which honest men come by their own. The public will witness the war with the greatest equanimity, and bear the cutting of rates for sugar without a murmur.

SOMETHING seems likely to be done, at last, in the matter of coast defense. The House Military Committee has decided to report favorably a Bill appropriating \$7,500,000 for the manufacture of guns, mortars, torpedoes and submarine batteries, and the Senate Committee on Coast Defense will, it is said, report a Bill appropriating \$126,000,000 for the purpose of providing fortifications and other defenses at New York, Boston, and all important points on the Atlantic seaboard, as well as on the Gulf, and at San Francisco and San Diego, Cal., and Portland, Oreg. Of the amount appropriated by the latter Bill, \$21,500,000 is to be expended during the fiscal year 1889; \$9,000,000 during the eleven fiscal years thereafter, and \$5,877,800 during the fiscal year 1901. The floating batteries and torpedo-boats recommended by the Fortifications Board are to be constructed by contract under the supervision of the Secretary of the Navy, according to plans approved by a board of naval officers. The guns for their armament are to be fabricated at the Washington Navy Yard.

THE report of the New York Senate Committee on Trusts summarizes the results of the recent investigations without making formal recommendations for legislative action. These will be presented later. The Committee describes the purpose of Trusts as being to annihilate competition in buying from the producer and selling to the consumer, to create monopolies and to fix prices by which abnormal profits may be exacted from the people. The Committee explains that it was impossible, for lack of time, to make a thorough examination into the operations of the Standard Oil Trust, but the methods of the great monopoly are condemned, and it is pointed out that any reduction in the price of oil has been due to other causes than the influence of this Trust. It is shown that the Sugar and the Cotton-seed Oil Trusts have advanced prices to the consumers, and the Milk Trust is characterized as a monopoly which should be immediately proceeded against by the Grand Jury. The smaller Trusts appear to receive rather more than their share of condemnation, but the Committee complains of a lack of witnesses and of definite complaints against the Standard Oil Trust. It is clear that the investigation has been anything but exhaustive, but enough corroborative testimony has been developed to furnish a basis for restrictive legislation, or at least to supply material for agitation which will have definite results in the future.

THE folly of the Prohibitionists of the City of Portland in uniting with the Democrats in the late municipal election resulted very much as every rational observer anticipated it would do. There is not the remotest sympathy between Prohibition and Democracy, and when the latter endorsed Neal Dow for the Mayoralty the insincerity and inconsistency of the act were so obvious that the better class of Democrats and the more moderate temperance men properly and naturally refused to support the coalition. Of course, the outcome is a disastrous one for the third-party schemers. It shows that even in the State where Prohibition had its start the public sentiment is against the extreme policy of which Neal Dow is and has been the conspicuous representative. The Republican Mayor who, elected originally by less than one hundred majority, last week secured over fifteen hundred, appears to have given such enforcement of the Prohibitory Law as the public sentiment justified, and if the Prohibitionists had been wise they would have supported his re-election, and so escaped a defeat which amounts to a serious set-back. At any rate, had they been animated by ordinary honesty, they would have kept clear of an entangling alliance with the party which, in that State, has been the stubborn opponent of everything they have ever proposed in the way of temperance reform.

In his recent remarkable speech in the Senate, Mr. Ingalls declared it to be the purpose of the Republicans in that body not to stop in the matter of pensions "until the arrears are paid, the limitation is removed, and every soldier on the rolls is paid from the day of his disability or from the date of the soldier's death; and until every surviving soldier of the Union Army is put upon the rolls for service only." This declaration in favor of an unlimited service pension, if carried into effect, will speedily settle the vexed question of the surplus. And so far as the Senate is concerned, this is to be the national policy, that body having, on Thursday last, passed the Dependent Pension Bill—nine Democrats voting with the Republicans in its favor. This Bill differs from that vetoed last year by the President in the fact that the former requires "total disability" on the part of the pensioner, while the vetoed Bill set no definite limit to the amount of disability that would entitle to a pension. The important section of the Bill just passed is as follows:

"All persons who served three months or more in the military or naval service of the United States during the War of the Rebellion, and who have been honorably discharged therefrom, and who are now or who may hereafter be suffering from mental or physical disability, not the result of their own vicious habits, which totally incapacitates them for the performance of manual labor, and who are without other adequate means of self-support, shall, upon making due proof of that fact, according to such rules and regulations as the Secretary of the Interior may provide, be placed upon the list of invalid pensioners of the United States, and be entitled to receive \$12 per month; and such pension shall commence from the date of the filing of the application in the Pension Office, after the passage of this Act, upon proof that the disability then existed, and shall continue during the existence of the same."

It is believed that this Bill will pass the House of Representatives, neither party having courage enough, on the eve of a Presidential election, to antagonize it.

ARKANSAS AND ITS CAPITAL.

LITTLE ROCK, March 1st, 1888.

THE tide of travel has at last turned towards the "Sunny South," or where, I might say, there is "sunshine in winter"—towards Arkansas and Texas. Capitalists, tradesmen, mechanics and others seeking new homes and locations are heading this way in large numbers, and the present promises to be a great and prosperous year in the growth and development of the two States named. The hotels in this city are registering fresh arrivals every day of persons who have heard of the wonderful opportunities offered for permanent and speculative investments, and none I have had the pleasure of meeting feel that the pictures of the beauty of this marvelous region and of the location and prospects of Little Rock have in the least been overdrawn. This is, indeed, a promising city and possesses every element of substantial growth and prosperity. Nature laid the plans for the rearing of a great metropolis at this point, and it did its work well. It would have long since attracted the attention of the general public throughout the country but for the fact that its own people really never appreciated its natural advantages with that fullness of knowledge that is born of push and thrift, and they have gone on year after year and permitted less inviting and less advantageously located cities to grow rich in population and wealth, while it apparently closed its doors against all newcomers. And what was true of Little Rock was also a self-evident fact in regard to Arkansas. Here are almost untold millions of acres of uncultivated land as fertile as any upon which the sun shines, and they are only awaiting the woodman's ax to aid in contributing to the wealth of the State. The soil is naturally rich and strong, and will grow almost any of the necessities of life as well as the finest cotton. Why, it makes one dizzy to hear of the limitless resources of Arkansas. It has coal and iron and timber and building stone, and, in fact, every necessary adjunct to not only support, but make rich, three millions of people. And I am happy to state that a formal invitation has been tendered to all the sturdy sons of toil everywhere who are wondering where they can go to better their condition, to come to Arkansas and they will be received with open arms. A million more farmers are wanted at once to clear these forests, to cultivate the waste places and to erect the family fireside, and they are wanted at once.

What a pleasing spectacle must have been presented by the great Immigration Convention which convened in this city during the latter part of January, when five hundred patriotic and public-spirited citizens of the State conferred as to ways and means of attracting public attention to the resources of Arkansas and inducing those seeking new homes to come here and locate! What a change from the custom of earlier years! To think that Arkansas as a State has taken the subject in hand, and that its excellent Governor has become so much interested in the momentous problem of immigration that he should issue a call for a convention to consider that great question! If he never did anything else during his administration to benefit his people and warm them towards him, that one act of itself should be sufficient. That convention resulted in a new spirit of enterprise all over the State. It was resolved to let the world know that this is a land of plenty; that the climate and soil combine to present advantages that should not be ignored nor lost sight of by those who want sunny skies above them and rich fields around them.

There is no opportunity in the slight space at my command to go into particulars in regard to the products of Arkansas, except to say that its wheat-yield is entirely satisfactory, while in apples, peaches, pears, plums, grapes and strawberries it is prolific, and has taken the first premium at horticultural exhibitions in competition with California! They claim down here that Arkansas really takes the lead of the world in the perfection of its fruit crop, and the specimens they set before you in proof of their assertion are certainly sufficient to stagger one's faith in preconceived ideas of the superior quality of Northern productions. While potatoes and other vegetables are grown in abundance and with entire success, cotton appears to be the staple product because it has proven to be the most profitable and requires less labor to grow and gather it. Arkansas really excels every other State in the quantity of cotton grown per acre and also in the quality of the fibre. And in the matter of timber, there are 30,000 square miles of forests of the most valuable varieties, with pine alone sufficient to make 40,000,000,000 feet of lumber—at least so the Governor said—while the earth is fairly overflowing in mineral wealth. There are 12,000 square miles of coal-fields, an abundance of iron, zinc, copper, marble, granite, limestone and clay unsurpassed in quality. I must not omit to particularize in regard to the granite to be found in endless quantities almost under the shadows of this city, and it is so beautiful in its deep-blue color and so excessively durable, that it is a mine of wealth within itself, and is certain to become famous for building and paving purposes.

We had a most delightful interview of an hour with Governor Hughes, and found him bubbling over with interesting information concerning Arkansas and its resources; and he felt that FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER was performing a valuable public service in enlightening its readers concerning the growth and prosperity of the South. "We have," said he, "room in this State for a million more of people who desire to better their condition, and there is no section in the South where the opportunities are greater than right here. We have greater length of navigable streams than any State in the Union—between 3,000 and 4,000 miles. We have an excellent State Constitution; good statute laws; a small State debt, which we are now paying off; a low rate of taxation, the State taxes all told only being five mills on the dollar; our school system is liberal and vigorous; our population has doubled within the last decade; our lumber and sawmill interests have quadrupled in the last five years; our railroads have kept pace with our growth, and the railroad men, who are always enterprising, energetic and liberal, have put their shoulders to the wheel, and are pushing forward with accelerated speed the car of progress. Ah, yes," said the Governor, "we have all the elements of wealth and greatness to build upon, besides a genial climate, and as healthful as it is mild and pleasant, free from the extremes of heat and cold, and also those terrible blizzards that in many States have been so destructive of life and property. Yes, tell the people in the overcrowded districts of the North to come to Arkansas, and they will find everything necessary to make life pleasant, profitable and enjoyable. The great Iron Mountain Road is now running excursion-trains down here at stated periods at half the regular rates, and make the ticket to return good for sixty days, and we wish our friends in the North and East who know little or nothing of this vast region to come and see for themselves what we have to offer them."

But I did not intend to refer so particularly in this letter to the resources of Arkansas, but rather to the

CITY OF LITTLE ROCK,

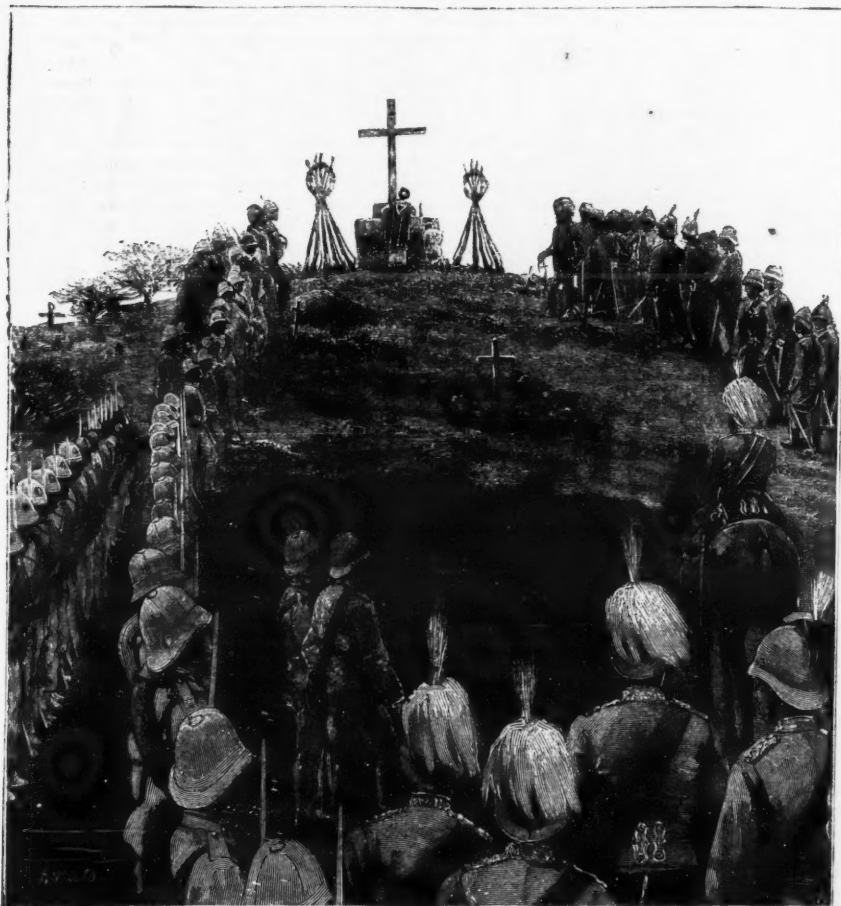
the geographical, topographical and political, as well as the commercial, financial and social capital of the State. We stated in the earlier portion of this letter that Nature had done much for this

(Continued on Page 71.)

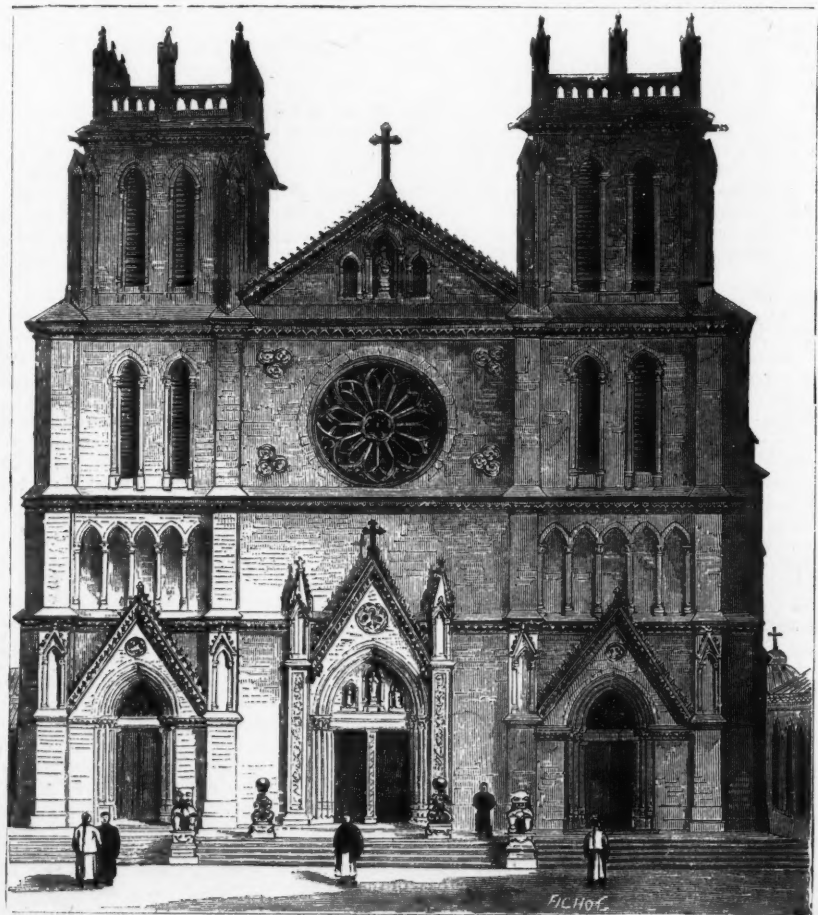
The Pictorial Spirit of the Illustrated Foreign Press.—SEE PAGE 71.



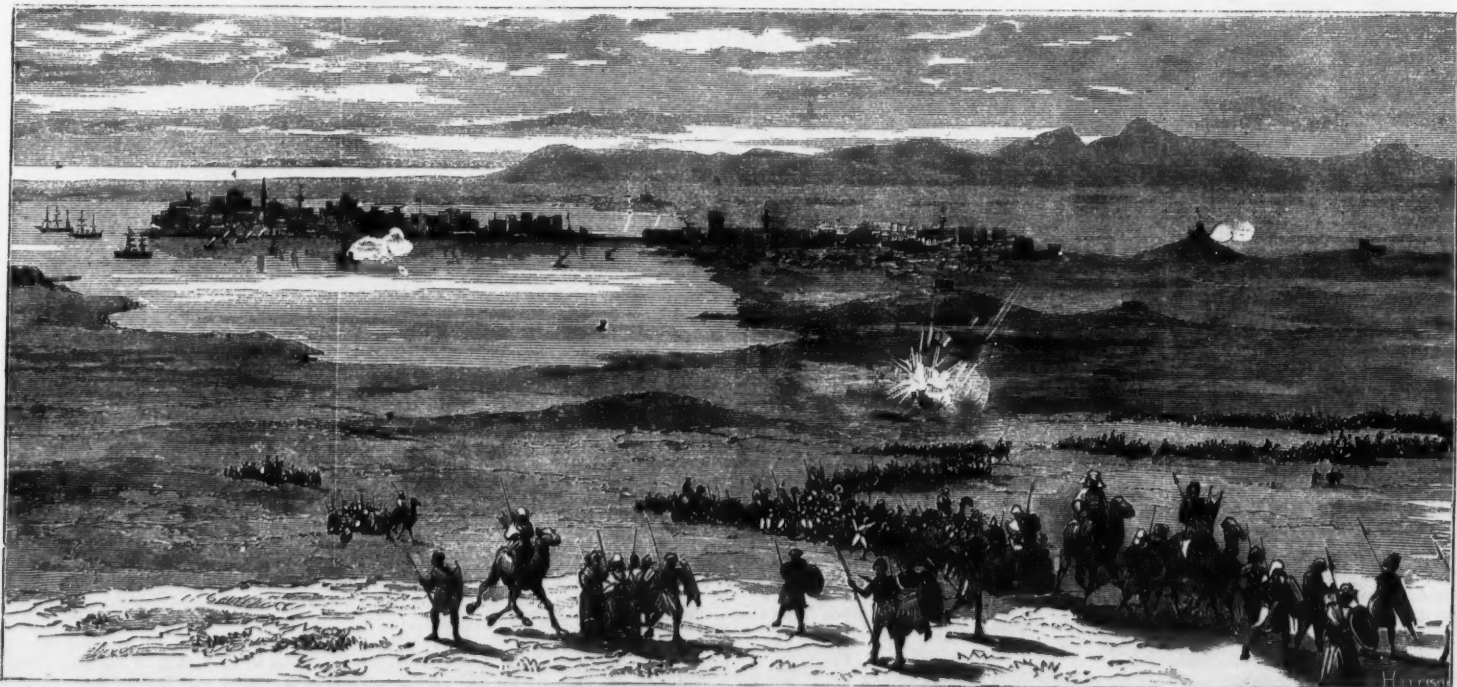
FRANCE.—TRIAL OF M. WILSON, SON-IN-LAW OF EX-PRESIDENT GRÉVY, AT PARIS.



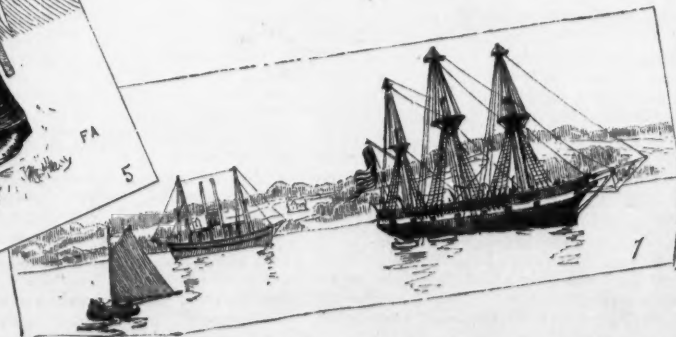
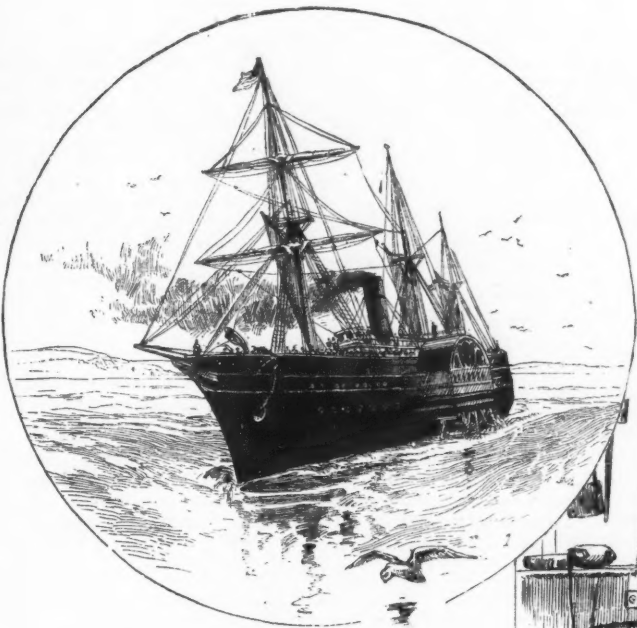
ABYSSINIA.—FIRST ANNIVERSARY COMMEMORATION, AT DOGALI, OF THE DISASTER OF JANUARY 26TH, 1887.



CHINA.—THE OLD CATHOLIC CATHEDRAL OF PEKIN.



EGYPT.—OSMAN Digma's RECENT ATTACK UPON SUAKIM—AN ENGLISH WAR-VESSEL FIRING UPON THE RETREATING ARABS.



1. THE DEPARTURE. 2. COOKHOUSES AND MESS. 3. QUARTERS AT NAVAL SCHOOL, ANNAPOLIS. 4. THE INSTALLATION OF DR. TALMAGE. 5. "OUTTING IT TIGHT." 6. COMPANY "B'S" QUARTERS. 7. THE "SUSQUEHANNA" AND LIGHTSHIP, ANNAPOLIS BAY. 8. WEST GATE.

NEW YORK.--INSTALLATION OF REV. T. DE WITT TALMAGE, ON MARCH 7TH, AS CHAPLAIN OF THE THIRTEENTH REGIMENT, N. G. S. N. Y.—SCENES IN THE WAR HISTORY OF THE REGIMENT.

FROM SKETCHES BY C. C. MARKHAM, A MEMBER OF THE REGIMENT.—SEE PAGE 71.

COMMUNISM.

When my blood flows calm as a purling river,
When my heart is asleep, and my brain has sway,
It is then that I vow we must part for ever,
That I will forget you and put you away—
Out of my life, as a dream is banished
Out of the mind when the dreamer awakes—
That I know it will be, when the spell has vanished,
Better for both of our sakes.

When the Court of the Mind is ruled by Reason,
I know it is better for us to part.
But Love is a spy who is plotting treason
In league with that warm red rebel, the heart.
They whisper to me that the King is cruel—
That his reign is wicked—his law, a sin;
And every word that they utter is fuel
To the flame that smolders within.

And on nights like this, when my blood runs riot
With the fever of youth and its mad desires,
When my brain in vain bids my heart be quiet,
When my breast seems the centre of lava fires—
Oh! then is the time when most I miss you,
And I swear by the stars and my soul, and say
That I will have you, and hold you, and kiss you,
If the whole world stands in the way.

And like Communists, as mad as disloyal,
My fierce emotions roam out of their lair.
They hate King Reason because he is royal—
They would fire his Castle and burn him there.
O love, my love! does my passion thrill you?—
Across the miles do you hear my heart?
O love! I could clasp you, and crush you, and
kill you—
It is well that we are apart!

The Right of Translation is Reserved.

BLACK BLOOD: A PECULIAR CASE.

BY

GEORGE MANVILLE FENN,

AUTHOR OF

"THE MASTER OF THE CEREMONIES," "THIS MAN'S
WIFE," "THE PARSON OF DUMFORD,"
ETC., ETC., ETC.

BOOK I.—1815.—PRELIMINARIES OF THE STORY.

SYNOPSIS OF PREVIOUS CHAPTERS.

CHAPTERS I. to IV.—Amelia Vaughan, prime mover in Sir John Cope's household, is wooed by both Philip and Anthony Cope. She professes to be heartwhole and indifferent to both, but hearing of an intrigue between Captain Philip and one of the servants, she surprises them in a clandestine meeting. To the girl she said, "Go back to the house; you leave to-morrow." To Captain Cope, "As for you, Captain Cope, I must ask you to make what excuse you please to my uncle, and then go away from home for a few months. You owe this reparation to me."

CHAPTER V.—THE KING WHO REIGNS AND THE SUBJECT WHO FAILS.

"HALLO! What's the matter?" cried a clear, loud voice, and a fresh actor ran up the path to their side. "Phil!" shrieked Amelia. "Yes, I, Milly. What's the matter? What are you doing here?"

"Hush! Take me back home, quick," whispered the girl, in a trembling voice; and she caught his arm and clung to him tightly.

"Yes. But what does this mean? Anthony Cope, have you dared to insult my cousin?"

"No, no. Hush, Phil, pray. Take me back to the house, I beg."

"Yes, of course; but I came out to have a cigar, and hang me if I understand—Mary—Madge—you and Anthony out here in this dark place."

"Phil, must I go alone?"

The words were whispered, and for answer Captain Philip Cope led the way back towards the house, fully aware that he was closely followed by the two servants, from the whispering which he could hear.

For Mary Anne had said appealingly to Madge: "Let me go with you; I durs'n't stop with him now."

In fact, Anthony Cope, gentleman and scholar, would not have been pleasant society for a female at that time, his language not being suitable for ears polite, and the threats he uttered were such as were startling, coming from one of his smoothly polished exterior.

"It does not matter, though," he said, at last. "I have her too tightly. She's mine, safe enough, and a little penitence and a few promises will bring forgiveness; but, curse this woman! there must be an end to her and her letters."

He walked up and down beneath the firs for a few minutes to calm himself before going up to the house, and then saying, softly, "Poor little Milly, I think I can calm her down," he went slowly back, bitterly annoyed, but perfectly ignorant of how thoroughly he had been reckoning without his host.

"Trying to pique me, eh?" said Anthony Cope, next morning, at breakfast, when Amelia was coldly polite to him, but seemed never weary of carrying on an animated conversation with Captain Phil, who seemed puzzled and pleased.

There had been no explanation whatever, but Amelia had sternly forbidden him to approach the subject in her presence, and then made up for this by trying in a hundred ways to atone for her tartarisms of the previous day.

Was he going shooting?

Yes, he was. Why?

She had thought what a pleasant day it would be for a ride, so, of course, the keeper and dogs were sent about their business, and the horses ordered, while Amelia rose to go and put on her riding-habit.

As she rose, old Sir John hurried before her to the window and began looking about eagerly.

"Why, uncle, dear, what is it?" she said.

"Trying to see the weathercock, my dear," he replied, in a whisper. "How the wind has changed!"

The girl turned scarlet, and hurried out of the room, while Sir John turned to his son.

"Why, Phil, how did you manage it? A counter-march, flank movement, enemy in the rear?"

"I don't know, father. I was giving it up last night as a bad job, while this morning—"

"She has found one which she likes the better. I'm glad of it, my boy, glad of it, for Milly's a little saint."

Saints were never celebrated for equestrianism, but Milly Vaughan rode to perfection; and that ride through the woods, where the hand of Autumn was just beginning to display itself among the leaves, was one of the most delicious she had ever had. Everything seemed so different. There must have been something in the air, or in the tender, deferential looks of Phil Cope, or in the deep tones of his voice.

Once only the words of Madge, the maid, intruded; and in imagination she saw the stalwart young soldier embracing the dark-eyed little maid. But Phil Cope said something directly after, and the scene died away.

And so it began to dawn more and more upon Milly Vaughan's mind that she did really know which of the two she was to take for her husband; and that afternoon they rode back along one lane, deep down between the hedges, with their horses so close together that Phil's leg must have been a good deal crushed against the saddle-flap; but, being a soldier, he was used to that sort of thing in his troop. He seemed to be very fond, too, of the mare Milly rode, and patted her neck a good deal.

To do this better he took off his glove, and then, somehow, Milly was actuated by the same desire. She took off her glove and patted the mare's neck, and, by accident, of course, Captain Phil patted the creamy little hand that lay upon the soft, bay coat; and that little hand seemed to nestle in the strong, big hand. Their fingers interlaced, and the horses walked slowly on, with their riders, in the same ridiculous, child-like way, holding each other's hand.

No word was spoken; there seemed to be no need. Milly felt that she was truly happy, and Captain Phil knew that a new life was about to open out for him, till they suddenly came in sight of the lake, with Anthony Cope in the distance, fishing.

Hands were loosened and gloves furtively put on, while Milly's brow tightened a little, and a broad sense of good-tempered compassion made the captain eager to extend the right-hand of goodfellowship towards his cousin.

"Let's turn on to the grass, here, and see if Anthony has caught the big jack."

"No," said Milly, decisively. "I want to get back now."

"Why, Milly—dear?" He hung fire a little before the word *dear*; but it was received with a smile and the bright flash of two beautiful eyes. "Why, Milly, dear, what is up between you and Anthony?"

"Trust me, please, Phil, and don't ask," was the reply.

"Trust you! There, come along. Only I can't help feeling a bit sorry for the poor fellow."

The feeling was not shared.

Anthony Cope did not seem to look up, but he watched the couple across the park with a peculiarly malevolent glare in his eyes that lasted for only a few minutes, and was succeeded by a laugh that was more unpleasant than the angry look.

"A fool's paradise! Bah! I can turn her round my little finger. These big, blundering, thick-headed soldiers. Poor Phil!"

The dinner passed off so well that Sir John was in high glee, and ready to tell stories, to banter, and to laugh at Milly, and keep her cheeks dyed with blushes which the old gentleman insisted upon attributing to the wine.

Milly bore it all in good part, but her looks were very conscious, for she realized how strongly the plant of love had been growing in her breast, ready to expand at the first touch of sunshine, and she laughed to herself as she owned how thoroughly she had been in love, but had not realized the fact.

In her new-found happiness, she had not the heart to keep up the cold, distant manner she had marked out for her conduct to Anthony Cope, in the belief that he would feel his false position, and end his visit at once.

But nothing was further from Anthony Cope's thoughts. For years past he had made the Manor his home, for as long a period as he liked. Moreover, he was, after his fashion, desperately taken with Milly Vaughan. Ready to play with another, but none the less determined to win Milly for his wife.

At the present moment the manifest preference she showed for the captain stung him, and left a poison in the wound that stirred him to action; and, waiting his opportunity, he found it that evening when Milly was in the drawing-room.

She was thinking of the captain, and wondering how long he would be before coming up, when the door-handle rattled softly, and a conscious blush deepened the color in her cheeks.

Then she drew a long breath full of disappointment as she heard her name uttered, and Anthony hurried to her side.

"Milly!" he cried, with a dramatic look, and in quite a theatrical tone, "hear me. No, no; do not rise. I must—I will speak. Do not condemn me unheard."

"Mr. Cope—" she began, indignantly.

"No, no; hear me first. I am not going to excuse myself: I am only about to throw myself upon your mercy."

"Mr. Cope, this is not just to me," she replied, coldly. "I must beg you to say no more."

"No, no; you must hear me, Milly. That miserable business was begun long ago, before I knew better—before I realized my great love for you."

"Mr. Cope, I am alone and unprotected. I must beg you to close this painful business."

"Painful? Yes!" he cried. "It is death to me. I was striving hard to shake off this wretched intrigue, and to make myself more worthy of you, when you surprised me last night. At first I was crushed and in despair; but since I have recovered myself somewhat, I am glad, heartily glad, that you know all, and that I can stand before you without the knowledge that I am keeping something back. Milly—dearest," he cried, throwing himself upon his knees, "will you forgive me?"

For answer she drew back towards the bell, so that the suppliant, in his effort to catch at her dress, sank down upon his hands.

"What are you going to do?" he cried. She rang the bell, and he unwillingly rose from his knees, feeling that he was making himself very ridiculous.

"Milly, say you will forgive me."

"It is not for me to forgive, Mr. Anthony Cope," she replied, coldly. "If you prefer the society of my uncle's servants, you have a right to choose it."

"Oh, Milly! now you are cruel. Say you will forgive me!" he cried, rising to his feet, and trying to take her hand; but at that moment the door opened and the old butler entered.

"Send my maid to me," said Milly, in a calm, firm voice.

As the door closed, Anthony turned to her again. "How can you be so cruel!" he cried. "Milly, by the memory of our love—"

"I was not aware of the existence of any love between us, Mr. Cope," she replied, taking up her work.

"Milly, you madden me," he said, advancing once more, and trying to catch her hands in his; but the door opened again and Madge entered.

"Send away that girl, I implore you," he whispered. "I must have a few words with you alone."

"Madge, come here," said Milly, by way of answer. "I want to give you some instructions about that work."

This made sufficient dismissal, but Anthony Cope's wishes grew stronger as he saw the object upon which he had set his mind drifting away.

"I must have your forgiveness, Milly. I cannot live without your love," he whispered.

At that moment the captain appeared in the doorway, and seeing that Milly was about to speak to Anthony Cope, he was in the act of withdrawing, but her voice arrested him and he entered.

A change came over Anthony's countenance, his eyes half closed, and his lips tightened, while the color shrank from his cheeks, leaving them gray-looking, and his brow glistened with moisture.

"I thought you were engaged," said the captain, returning Milly's pleased smile.

"So we were," cried Anthony, savagely, "till you came and interfered."

"Mr. Cope, you are angry and disappointed," said Milly, coldly; "had you not better retire?"

"Retire? Be dismissed, you mean—dismissed for a flirtation, begun long ago, with a pretty girl."

The captain looked from one to the other wonderingly.

"Dismissed for that serious crime," continued Anthony, with a curious laugh. "I am cashiered, as these military gentlemen call it, while my noble cousin, who is a far worse offender than I, is installed in my place."

Milly grew ghastly pale, and the color began to deepen in the captain's cheeks.

"Look here, Anty; be a gentleman if you can. What do you mean?"

"What do I mean?" snarled the disappointed lover, hissing out his words with vicious emphasis. "I mean that she had better dismiss you too, for your disgraceful *liaison* with that gipsyified-looking girl, her maid."

"Oh, I wish I knew what that word means!" gasped Madge, with her eyes flashing.

"Phil, I beseech—I command!" cried Milly.

"Hush, my dear," said the captain, firmly. "There are times when your word must be my law, but there are also times when I must speak out in my own defense. I don't like this before you, but Anty here attacks me in a cowardly way, and he insults your little lass. Now, sir, if you please, what do you mean?"

"What do I mean? I mean that I spoke out frankly, and confessed my wrongdoing."

"Look here, Anthony Cope. You are my cousin, but you are a confounded liar and a sneak to make such a charge as this, to blacken me in Milly's eyes."

Poor Milly's heart was sinking as she recalled Madge's confession as to the kiss, but it gave a big throb of joy as she heard her lover's manly, outspoken words.

"Blacken you? A liar? Why, I caught you with your arms round her waist."

"Yes, that's true, Milly," said the captain, deprecatingly, "he did catch me. I did take the little lass round the waist, and I kissed her, as I've kissed many another pretty girl."

Madge's eyes sparkled, for it was pleasant to be called a pretty girl by the handsome young officer.

"Kissed her? Yes—a most innocent affair, no doubt."

"Innocent? Of course."

"As you have carried on with her before, taking advantage of your position here. Now, then, why am I worse than he?"

"I'm rather in a fog over all this business," said the captain, slowly. "There seems to be some quarrel between you and Milly, and there's going to be a quarrel between us two, if you don't soon apologize. Look here, Madge, my lass, I've got to clear you as well as myself. I once gave you a kiss in a playful, innocent—"

"Innocent!" said Anthony, with a sneer.

"Yes, innocent," retorted the captain. "You don't seem to know what that word means, Anthony. I think I do, and so does this little lassie here. Now, Madge, don't be afraid."

"Please, sir, I'm not a bit afraid; not the least bit in the world," said Madge, with flashing eyes.

"Now, Phil, I will hear no more of this wretched scandal," cried Milly, laying her hand in his. "I believe you to have been foolish and innocent in what has passed."

"Indeed I have," he cried, earnestly. "Now you go out of the room with your little maid; Cousin Anthony and I have a few words to say to each other."

"No; not a word," cried Milly, firmly. "There shall be no quarrel. I do not wish to acquaint my uncle with all that has passed, but if there is to be a quarrel I must speak. Madge, you can go now. Now, Phil," continued Milly, as the maid disappeared, "we have known each other since we were children, and I am going to speak very plainly, as Anthony has said so much. He had no right to speak as he did, for till yesterday I treated you both the same, and it is an insult for him to assert that I had given him the preference."

"An insult which he shall answer for," said the captain, sternly.

"No; his words are the utterances of an angry, disappointed man, which you can afford to forgive—which we can afford to forgive."

She took the young officer's arm as she spoke, and enlaced the fingers of both hands together as she rested her head against his shoulder, completely mistress of the situation, while she looked calmly at Anthony Cope, who was deadly pale, and grasping and losing the back of a chair in the intensity of his rage.

The captain made a movement full of anger; but Milly's two hands acted like the curb to a restless horse, and he merely frowned as Anthony went on.

"And you think I am going to sit down patiently and bear all this. But you are mistaken. There is a word called revenge, and it has a serious meaning, Phil Cope, as you shall find; and you, too, madam, for there are times when a man may make war with women. I mean war to the knife!"

"Look here, Anthony—" cried the captain; but Milly checked him with a whisper.

"You understand—both of you," continued the angry man, with his face deeply wrinkled and eyes nearly closed, "it is war between us; I will not suffer this cruel indignity and shame without having some satisfaction. Do you hear, Phil Cope? You have read in books about revenge, and you've seen it carried out upon the stage. Now you shall learn what it means in real life!"

He snarled out these last words, and then, dragging the door open, banged it behind him, leaving the lovers silent and impressed.

The captain was the first to speak.

"The coward!" he cried, indignantly; "to threaten a woman! But I'll make him apologize for this!"

"No! Hush, Phil!" whispered Milly, turning to him and laying her hands upon his breast. "Why should you? What have we to fear?"

"To fear? No; but—"

"Hush! No more," she whispered. "It has only taught me how right I have been in choosing you, and—"

"My darling!" he cried, as he clasped her tightly in his arms, and—

Well, there is no need to say more about it. That was the first kiss of love.

CHAPTER VI.—ANTHONY COPE HEARS A GUN.

"I'll kill him, I'll let him see that I'm not to be trifled with!" muttered Anthony Cope, excitedly, as he hurried down through the shrubbery, inadvertently taking the same path as had been followed by Milly Vaughan on the previous night. His head felt hot, his throat dry, and there was a peculiar throbbing in his temples as he recalled the whole scene and felt maddened at the turn things had taken.

Only a couple of days before he had mapped out the whole of his life, and in imagination seen himself the husband of Milly Vaughan, richly endowed by Sir John, with a dowry that, added to his own handsome income, meant the indulgence in many luxuries to which he could not otherwise attain; and now, through the jealous caprice, as he termed it, of the woman whom he believed he had won, everything was at an end.

"Curse him! I'll kill him!" he said, aloud. "He shall not triumph over me like this and win her so easily. Ah! you here?"

"Yes; I knew you'd come, dear," was whispered out of the darkness: and a couple of not very white hands caught him by the arms.

"Let go, woman!" he cried, savagely flinging her off. "Do you think I haven't troubles enough without being pestered by you?"

"Oh, don't speak to me like that, please don't! I thought you'd be glad to see me, dear."

"Well, I'm not; and I wish to goodness I were never going to see you again!"

"Oh!" rose out of the darkness in a low, piteous wail, followed by a burst of sobbing such as is indulged in by an illiterate woman who has not learned to suffer in silence and be strong.

"Don't make that noise!" cried Anthony, savagely. "Do you want them to hear up at the house?"

"No, no, no, Anthony, dear! but what am I to do?"

"Go back and don't bother me!" was the brutal reply.

"Please don't scold me, dear; I'm so miserable! Tell me, what shall I do?"

"Go back to the house, I tell you!"

There was a faint rustling sound as the woman caught him by the arm and clung to him.

"Say one kind word to me, dear," she pleaded.

"Say what? There, do for goodness' sake go! Can't you see how you irritate me? Go, I say, unless you want me to strike you!"

The woman sighed, and took a few steps back in the direction of the house, but only to run to the young man's side again.

"But please, Anthony, I haven't said what I wanted to say."

"You here again!" he cried, savagely. "Go and wait till I tell you what to do!"

"Yes, dear—no, dear—I mean," faltered the woman; and then, sobbing loudly in spite of herself, she went back towards the house, Anthony Cope clamping with fury, as he heard on the soft night the pitiful wailing.

"The most unlucky wretch that ever lived. Curse the woman! Curse everybody! It's enough to make a man go and end it all."

He lit a cigar and walked swiftly away, smoking furiously to calm the excitement that made his temples throb, but the faster he walked the more excited he grew; and at last, in sheer despair, he walked back to the Manor, was admitted by the sleepy butler, who informed him rather reproachfully that every one had "been a-bed an hour or more," and, hurrying up to his room, undressed and threw himself upon the bed.

But he could not sleep.

He might as well have tried to move the world. There, in constant iteration, were the troubles which had affected him, and as the night wore on the more sleepless he became.

At last, in sheer desperation, he rose and dressed, standing thinking what he should do, and finally determining to take his tackle down to the lake by break of day and fish.

It was dark work when he reached the water's edge; but he found the line attached to the sunken bait-can, drew it in, fished out a lively gudgeon, hooked it on and threw it out beyond the spot where he knew the reed-bed to be, and laid down his rod to look round.

"What a fool I was to come down here in the cold and mist!" he muttered. "I shall have a fever after this, safe."

Bang!

"Halloa! What was that? From the Black Cope, for a sovereign," he said, eagerly; and he stood listening, but there was no repetition of the shot.

"That's one of the old man's pheasants shot before its time," he continued. "How the scoundrels do ravage the woods! Curse the fellow! I feel just in the humor to go after him."

He paused for a few moments, resting on the handle of the gaff-hook, a strong, stout piece of oak; and then, as if moved by some irresistible impulse: "And I will!" he exclaimed.

It was a relief to him to have something exciting to take his attention, so he walked rapidly on along the side of the lake to where it narrowed and became a river with a bridge thrown over; and this he crossed, and then struck off diagonally to where the Black Cope lay, nearly opposite to where he had begun to fish.

"Too late!" he said to himself, as he strode on, for not a sound was to be heard but the brush, brush of his feet through the wet strands of grass.

It was not so dark as when he stood upon the bridge, and when he reached a stile at the entrance to the Cope, the trees were beginning to be dimly visible in the breaking day. Anthony Cope sat down upon the stile with his legs inside the wood, and his hands sought for his cigar-case.

He had taken it out and was in the act of selecting a cigar, meaning to light it and then walk back, upbraiding himself mentally the while for coming upon a fool's errand, when a low moan fell upon his ear, and made him start up and step down on to the mossy turf that formed the broad path through the wood.

"An accident," he said to himself. "Perhaps old Jerdon has shot himself going his rounds?" It was gradually growing lighter, and the trees in the more open parts, as he hurried along the grassy path, seemed to be starting into view in a peculiarly gray and ghostly way. The moan was repeated as he hurried on, and the alarm-notes of a blackbird rang out clearly as the bird brushed the dewy leaves in its hurried flight.

"There it is again!" exclaimed the young man as the moan once more reached his ears.

(To be continued).

ARKANSAS AND ITS CAPITAL.

(Continued from Page 67.)

city in the beauty of its location, and if my readers could only stand where I did to-day, at a point overlooking the Arkansas River, and take in the magnificence of the panoramic landscape there presented, they would at once confirm the statement that, in point of beauty of site, Little Rock cannot be excelled.

Here is a busy, growing city of almost 35,000 population. It is hardly out of its short clothes as yet, but it is rapidly assuming metropolitan airs. Magnificent business blocks are going up; the wholesale trade has penetrated the entire State, and is even reaching beyond its borders; manufacturing interests are being rapidly developed, \$3,000,000 having already been expended in that direction, and what is of especial interest to manufacturers, the new water works (just completed) are the largest in the Southwest; the streets are being paved with granite; street-car facilities are of the best, but a dummy line will soon be in operation and afford rapid transportation far beyond the city limits, bringing into close proximity the best located district surrounding the city. The beautiful Board of Trade building, represented in our page of pictures of Little Rock, gives evidence of a business thrift that proves its commercial supremacy, but nothing short of a personal visit would give any idea of the business activity to be seen any day upon its principal streets. Banks strong in capital, but progressive and liberal in management, are plentiful. Churches of every creed abound; school-buildings are numerous, and educational advantages are a cardinal principle of the people, and all the latter-day commodities, such as telephones and the like, are here. There are a beautiful opera house, magnificent State buildings, and one erected by the Government. In fact, there is everything here to commend except the hotels, and of all the places on earth where one should be erected, and that speedily, Little Rock stands foremost; for, after the weary traveler leaves the eating-house at the depot, he is lost in his efforts to secure any of the creature comforts of life. But that defect, we are informed, will soon be remedied. The rail-

roads afford excellent transportation facilities, and though they are now good, they will soon be better. New lines are in process of construction, and others of great importance are being projected and will certainly be built. Its main reliance at this time is the "Iron Mountain Route," or the Missouri Pacific system—Gould's lines—and it must be said in its praise that it is doing a great work in its efforts to promote the material interests of Little Rock and the State. Its cheap excursions, recently inaugurated, are already bearing good fruit, and hundreds of well-to-do people are coming here every week to see what the advantages of Little Rock really are, and a great increase in population is looked for this year. Real estate is on a steady rise, though it is still cheap, and the opportunities for investment, permanent or otherwise, are many. Money is in good demand, and commands a high rate of interest, and they tell me that a million dollars, if dropped in here, could be loaned to advantage. The Real Estate Exchange receives from twenty to thirty letters of inquiry per day relative to investments that would be profitable, and there is a sort of innate feeling apparent in the minds of the people generally that their city is to rapidly spread into a metropolis of fifty thousand population. There is nothing improbable about it. In fact, only an epidemic of bad luck and disaster would be able to circumscribe its growth and dwarf its prosperity. The people are now full of Northern fire and enterprise, and they do not propose to cease in their efforts to let the world know of its splendid advantages.

The illustrations of Little Rock that appear in this number of FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER fully attest its beauty in an architectural way, but at a later date your readers will be presented with still further evidences of its superiority in that respect; and I shall then be able to more minutely designate its commercial and industrial advantages. JOHN H. PATTERSON.

CHAPLAIN T. DE WITT TALMAGE, AND THE 13TH REGIMENT.

THE installation of Rev. T. De Witt Talmage as Chaplain of the 13th Regiment, N. G. S. N. Y., in place of the late Henry Ward Beecher, occurred at the Regimental Armory in Brooklyn on the 7th inst., and was a brilliant and most pleasant event. The appointment which this establishes a distinct tie between the army and the popular preacher has been the absorbing topic of the week; and as the talk of old soldiers inevitably drifts back to war-times, we take advantage of the occasion to present on page 69 some pictorial reminiscences of the days when the Thirteenth went to the seat of war, drawn from sketches by one of the veterans, Mr. C. C. Markham, the well-known artist of Brooklyn, who is identical with the well-remembered war-correspondent "Knapsack." In camp at Annapolis, while acting as cook of his mess, he served up the salt-junk, hard-tack and coffee with such appetizing skill that a squad of Ellsworth's Fire Zouaves once paid him the compliment of raiding his mess-room. He had plenty of opportunities for observing both the bright and the unpleasant aspects of army life. The quarters in the Naval Academy were commodious and pleasant; but on expeditions the Brooklyn boys slept the sleep of the just on bare boards, or the still harer ground, with a brick or a knapsack for pillow. Their close-cropped heads added not a little to the formidable "toughness" of their appearance—the ordeal of the camp barber-shop being one which not even a chaplain could pass without a shocking falling-off in outward seamliness. Then there was the sentry and the countersign, which caused as much fun as at the Peekskill encampments—though in the army the fun was somewhat serious. "We lay with our muskets by our side," says the veteran, "the night before the battle of Bull Run, expecting every moment to be called to the front. . . . I was standing, one day, in conversation with Captain Sprague when a musket was discharged within the building. 'That means mischief,' I said, and we both mounted the stairs and into the apartment, where lay upon the floor the ill-fated drummer-boy, Clarence McKenzie. The poor fellow lay dying with the letter to his mother by his side. It was a most sad and touching sight."

Only in fancy, happily, will such sights pass before the vision of the new Chaplain, whose victories will be on flowery fields, and whose marches will lead in the paths of friendliness and peace.

PICTORIAL SPIRIT OF THE FOREIGN ILLUSTRATED PRESS.

M. WILSON'S CONVICTION.

THE trial of M. Daniel Wilson, the son-in-law of ex-President Grévy, for complicity in the scandalous decoration traffic, culminated last week in his conviction. He has been sentenced to two years' imprisonment, to pay a fine of 3,000 francs, and to be deprived of his civil rights for five years. Three others who were charged with similar offenses were sentenced as follows: M. Ribeau-deau, eight months' imprisonment; M. Dubreuil, four months, and M. Hebert, one month. Mme. Ratazzi was acquitted. The sentence is regarded as a severe one, and Messrs. Wilson and Ribeau-deau have appealed from the decision of the court.

THE COMMEMORATION OF DOGALI.

On the fatal field of Dogali, some fifteen miles inland from Massowah, and near the present terminus of the new military railway, the Italian soldiers have erected suitable memorials to the five hundred of their comrades who perished there in January, 1887. These memorials were dedicated, with solemn religious and military ceremonies, on the recent anniversary of the terrible slaughter.

THE PEKIN CATHEDRAL.

The un-Chinese-looking structure shown in our picture is the old Peh-Tang, or Catholic Cathedral of Peking. Occupying a site ceded to Jesuit missionaries by the Emperor Kang-Hsi nearly a century ago, its towers overlook the sacred inclosure of the Imperial palaces, so that profane eyes may view from these observatories the young Emperor Kwang-Son, the Empress-mother Ti-Shai, and other august personages, as they take their ease in their gardens. This fact so disquieted the Chinese, that they addressed themselves to Rome, entering a formal protest before the Holy See. Then the French Government intervened, as protectors of the Catholics of the Celestial Empire. The matter was finally adjusted by the French allowing the Bishop to give up their old cathedral, on the condition of receiving from the Chinese Government a grant of land for a new cathedral, and a subsidy towards its construction.

AN ATTACK ON SUAKIM.

Suakim, on the Red Sea littoral, one of England's Egyptian battle-grounds of four years ago,

was attacked on the 4th inst by Arab and Soudanese rebels, under the redoubtable Osman Digma. After four hours' fighting the rebels retired, leaving several hundred killed and wounded on the field. On the British side Colonel Tap and five Egyptians were killed, and fourteen wounded. The British gunboats *Dolphin* and *Albion* assisted the garrison, and poured a deadly fire on the retreating foe. There are now no British troops in Suakim, though there are British gunboats in front of the town. The place is garrisoned by Egyptian troops, commanded in large part by British officers. The most of Osman's force, it is said, are Baggaras from Kordofan. But he has many friends near the sea and at Tokar, about fifty miles south of Suakim, and a little inland the Government of the Mahdi's successor is still maintained by a Baggara garrison commanded by Osman Digma's nephew. Colonel Kitchener, the Governor-general at Suakim, was badly wounded a few weeks ago in a fight with the rebels, who have now been emboldened to make a more vigorous attack than ever, not only upon the tribes outside Suakim, but also upon the town itself.

USES OF THE WILLOW.

It is an interesting fact that not only is the presence of extensive growths of the willow found to be anti-malarial in its influence, but that from a certain species of this same beautiful tree, or its bark, is derived the comparatively new but well-known antiseptic preparation called salicine; it is of a pure, bitter taste, highly febrifugal in quality, is largely used in various solutions, also in surgical operations, and is the most effectual preventive of putrefaction in the system yet known. For these purposes the willow is now being extensively and systematically cultivated. At the end of two years the switches are from four to seven feet long, and are cut and gathered into bunches like sheaves of wheat; in the stripping building they are steeped in water and the bark at the larger end is loosened for a couple of inches by machinery; one by one the switches are placed in the mechanical stripper and with a pair of pliers are pulled through with a sudden jerk, being then wiped off with a wooden cloth, bundled, and laid away to dry. All the leaves and bark are dried and baled, the average yield being a ton to the acre, the willows commanding, when dry, two hundred dollars per ton.

THE ARTS AND SCIENCES.

A NOVEL use of electricity is about to be tested, in sharpening the shoes of car-horses in icy weather, without removing them from the stable. This important application of electricity is being made by the Baxter Electric Manufacturing Company of Baltimore, and is likely to prove one of the most useful applications yet made of this subtle force, and will especially commend itself to the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals.

A PLAN recently introduced into Belgium for preserving wood from decay produced by the atmosphere, water, etc., is to fill the pores with liquid gutta-percha, which is said to perfectly preserve it from moisture and the action of the sun. The solid gutta-percha is liquefied by mixing it with paraffine in proportions of about two-thirds of gutta-percha to one-third of paraffine: the mixture is then subjected to the action of heat, and the gutta-percha becomes sufficiently liquid to be easily introduced into the pores of the wood. The gutta-percha liquefied by this process hardens in the pores of the wood as it becomes cold.

PROFESSOR CERIBITANI, of Verona, is credited with having contrived an ingenious instrument for ascertaining the distance of accessible and inaccessible points from the observer and from each other—in a word, an easy method of range-finding. The apparatus consists mainly of a pair of telescopes mounted on a stand and fixed on a tripod for use. The telescopes are both brought to bear on the object, and a reading is then taken on a graduated scale on the instrument, which, compared with a set of printed tables, gives the distance. Distances can be measured between far-off objects, and by means of a sheet of paper fixed on a drawing-board a rough plan of the country under measurement can be made.

TRACHEOTOMY, which was recently performed upon the Crown Prince of Germany, is a surgical operation by means of which an opening is made through the trachea, or windpipe, in which opening is introduced a small curved silver tube, which allows air to pass freely down into the bronchial tubes and thence to the lungs. This operation in itself, as a rule, does not carry any serious features with it, but is an operation which is used only in such diseases as croup and diphtheria and other cognate diseases where danger of suffocation arises from the filling up of the larynx and trachea. Usually very little shock accompanies the operation, and the relief it affords to persons suffering from suffocative symptoms is very great.

At the last meeting of the American Association for the Advancement of Science, specimens of a new honey-plant were exhibited. Six years ago it was sown, with other seeds from Florida, by Mr. Chapman, of Versailles. The plant is classified by Beal and Scribner as the *Echinops sphaeroccephala*. It belongs to the teasel family, and, a native of Central France, has in some unaccountable manner become naturalized in Florida. It grows from four to five feet high, and bears large prickly leaves like those of a thistle, and from twenty to thirty heads of small white flowers, which open from the top downward. The flowers are very productive of nectar, and are therefore very attractive to bees, 2,135 of which, by actual count, visited one head of a plant between 5 A. M. and 7 P. M. Thirty heads furnished supplies for 60,000 bees.

JOHN F. CHASE, of Augusta, Me., after five years' experimenting, claims to have invented a practical aerial war-ship, and he has gone to Washington to present the merits of his invention to the Naval Committee. His ship will be propelled by wings, and the secret of its successful flight is their peculiar form and the manner in which power is applied to them. This secret he will divulge to no one. His craft, he says, is perfectly under the control of the navigator, and can be driven with the wind or against it. A speed of sixty miles can be easily attained, and but a small amount of power is required to operate it. A war-ship which will move off with a ton he estimates will cost \$50,000. Only a four-horse-power engine, burning coal or oil, will be required to operate the wings. The length of this novel craft would be about 150 feet. Mr. Chase's plan is to load his vessel with dynamite bombs, and soar off over an enemy to the height of two or three miles and dump the load down upon it. He has given it repeated trials, his machine being on a small scale, with six-inch wings.

AT HOME AND ABROAD.

THE French have evacuated the new Hebrides.

THE working day in Paris has been reduced from eleven hours to ten hours.

REPUBLICAN sentiment in Illinois is said to favor the nomination of Judge Gresham for President.

AN avalanche has fallen upon the famous Hospice of St. Bernard, in Switzerland, burying the church, but causing no loss of life.

THE Massachusetts Senate has passed a resolution requiring biennial elections of State officers and members of the Legislature.

A BILL to establish technical schools throughout Russia is to be presented to the Council of the Empire by direction of the Czar.

THE rules of the United States Senate have been so amended that Senators may discuss treaties in open session if a majority so desire.

THE memorial asking for the establishment of an annex to Columbia College, New York, has been referred to a special committee for consideration.

A BILL to authorize a lottery loan of 24,000,000 francs in aid of the Panama Canal scheme has been introduced in the French Chamber of Deputies.

THE Republicans achieved notable successes in the municipal elections in Kingston, Ithaca, Auburn and Rochester, N. Y., last week. In Elmira the Democrats were successful.

DURING 1887, 20 torpedo-boats were added to the British navy, making a total of 80 first-class and 63 second-class. During the coming year 6 first-class and 10 second class will be ordered.

A JURY in the Superior Civil Court at Boston decided, the other day, that the Boston and Albany Railroad must pay \$27,000 for a boy's leg, which had to be amputated owing to injuries received at a railroad crossing.

STATISTICS of the savings banks show that last year was a profitable one in California. There was a net gain in the State savings banks of 4,000 new accounts, and total deposit accounts numbering 100,000. These average \$760 each account.

THE Bill to close all saloons on Sunday has been abandoned in the Ohio Legislature. The Republicans, who for a time seemed to have the courage of their convictions, have proved themselves cowards, after all, under the menace of the loss of the German vote.

THE House Committee on the Pacific Railroads has favorably reported the Outhwaite Bill for settlement of the Union Pacific debt to the Government on a three-per-cent. basis and extension for fifty years, the company to execute to the Government a blanket mortgage.

ALL the municipal elections in Maine, last week, showed Republican gains. In Portland, Neal Dow, who ran for Mayor as the Prohibition and Democratic candidate, was beaten by 1,564, and the Republicans elected all the Aldermen, and all except two of the Common Councilmen.

A MORMON colony has been established in Canadian territory, near Fort McLeod, in the Far Northwest. A band of seventy-six Mormons from Utah have settled there to stay. They do not practice polygamy, and have earned the favor of the Government by their thrift and industry.

THE first Chinese ever put on the pension list was enrolled a fortnight ago. The man's name is Ah Lin, and he is said to have been a landsman in Frisco harbor during the Rebellion. He broke his leg in the service, and now will have \$8 a month to help him keep his pigtail in good condition.

A REPORT from the United States Consul-general in Egypt says that the number of American visitors to that country has increased from twelve in the Winter of 1884 to 2,000 during the present Winter, and estimates that the Americans traveling there this Winter have left about \$1,500,000 in the country.

THE change in the Mexican Constitution by which a President may become his own immediate successor has been ratified by a sufficient number of States to make it a fixed fact; and there is no doubt that if the politics of the country shall remain in a normal condition, President Diaz, in whose interest the change was made, will be re-elected next June.

THE Army Register for this year shows that over one-half the officers on the active list do not possess the advantages of a West Point education. There are 1,111 officers who were appointed from civil life, and 1,051 who were graduated at the Military Academy. Taking in the retired list, the proportion is 1,178 graduates and 1,243 civilians. Over one-half the active officers have had war service.

LEADING Prohibitionists have evolved a plan to attack in the courts the constitutionality of all liquor licenses, and the issue will probably first be made in Indianapolis. The movement grows out of the decision of the Supreme Court of the United States in the Kansas case, wherein it is asserted that the people cannot barter away the morals and health of the public, and plainly says that the public traffic in intoxicants is against the public health and life.

A SAD calamity occurred in Springfield, Mass., on Wednesday of last week, in the burning of a new building, the upper floors of which were occupied by the *Evening Union* newspaper offices. Hemmed in by the fierce flames front and rear, the employees with difficulty made their escape by the roof; but six of them, including the foreman of the composing room and two women who were left behind, were killed by either leaping or falling from the fifth-story windows. Several more persons were injured. The burnt building is described as a veritable death-trap, and much indignation is expressed against its wealthy owner.

A CONSTANTINOPLE dispatch says the Porte has notified Prince Ferdinand that his position in Bulgaria is illegal. This is generally regarded as a triumph for Russia, since from the first the Czar has endeavored to incite the Sultan to such action, and will be especially unsatisfactory to Austria. All of the Powers, however, are now agreed that Ferdinand has no right to the Bulgarian throne, and Austria's acquiescence in his withdrawal from the country seems inevitable. Meanwhile, Prince Ferdinand is preparing to meet the expected ultimatum of the Powers with a manifesto proclaiming Bulgaria a kingdom and calling upon the people to crown him. Russia's present candidate for the Bulgarian throne is Prince Nicholas, Duke of Leuchtenberg.

THE LATE WILLIAM I., EMPEROR OF GERMANY, KING OF PRUSSIA, ETC.
BORN MARCH 22D, 1797; PRINCE OF PRUSSIA, 1840; KING OF PRUSSIA, 1861; EMPEROR OF GERMANY, 1871; DIED MARCH 9TH, 1888.
SEE PAGE 65.





HIS MISSING YEARS.

By PROFESSOR CLARENCE M. BOUTELLE.

Author of "The Wages of Sin," "The Love and Loves that Jack Had," "The Shadow from Varrack," "The Man Outside," etc., etc.

CHAPTER XXXIII.—(CONTINUED).

IN two minutes the hotel employé returned, bringing Dr. Girton with him. Paul Walldon leaped out of his chair and ran half way down the room to meet his friend. The warm smile on Walldon's lips, the hearty cordiality of his manner, the strong clasp of his hand—all these settled the character of his feeling for his old-time friend, and put all doubts and questions regarding that out of sight for ever.

Paul Walldon led his friend back to the table where Miss Atherton had been left.

"Miss Atherton," he said, "permit me to introduce my old-time friend, Dr. Girton. Tom, this is Ethel, my promised wife, and the dearest little woman in the world. She has had the rare good fortune to be courted twice, in perfect good faith, with all the original diffidence and doubts courtship is likely to implant in the breast of man, and without the bitter of quarrel and misunderstanding, and both times by one and the same man; I am so fortunate as to be that man. Tastes and preferences outlive memory, it seems, and I fell in love with this little lady at Bobunquedunk, as Paul Walldon, just as naturally as I had fallen in love with her somewhere else and as some one else—where, or as what person, I don't know. I think our charming friend, the Mrs. Walldon that is to be, was about to tell me when you came in—"

"I think," said Ethel, gravely, interrupting him, "that Dr. Girton has some questions to ask. Let us listen."

"Pardon me, Tom," said Paul, seriously; "I am too happy to be thoughtful of the rights of others. I will be silent."

Dr. Girton took Miss Atherton's hand.

"I have followed on from Niagara Falls, to which place I went from Dellville, in the hopes of being able to see my wife again, though circumstances should be such that it would be best to see her only at a distance, for a time. I had an idea, too, that I could let in some light on certain questions which affect us all."

"I am glad to be able to say, Dr. Girton," replied Ethel, "that since last night there is no longer any occasion for trouble or doubt. Neither is there any occasion for the use of any light you may have. The aims of your enemies—our enemies—my enemies—have all miscarried. You can take your wife home with you—yours in very truth as well as in name—and you can go to-morrow if you like, or even to-day."

"And I hereby invite myself to spend my honeymoon at your house," interrupted Walldon, in his irrepressible manner, "and we'll go back when you do. Having stood at the altar once—"

He went no further than that; he sprang to his feet and hurried to the side of Ethel. She had suddenly grown very white, and seemed about to faint.

A glass of water soon restored her in a purely physical sense, but her eyes had a sad and far-away look, and she seemed greatly troubled.

Why? For the simplest reason in the world. Ethel Atherton, like most of the world—like nearly all except you and I—was superstitious. She had suddenly, in the midst of her happiness, remembered the words of Zaphrah. Suppose she was to stand at the altar three times? In the light of all that had happened since the night when that prophecy gave her satisfaction and comfort, in the light of what transpired last night, in the light of her interview with the man so beloved who now sat by her side—what did it mean? She had almost forgotten Baal Manniston in her suddenly found and great happiness; now she seemed unable to keep her thoughts from him. She had pitied Baal Manniston; now she pitied herself—and the man she loved. Had Zaphrah's words been a lie? a meaningless mockery? She wished she could believe it.

The episode of Miss Atherton's sudden and unexplained faintness past (it was unexplained; for what explanation was there to offer?), Dr. Girton resumed the conversation at about the point where it had been broken off.

"I think I have much to thank Miss Atherton for," he said, taking that lady's hand again; "that we all have much to thank you for. I shall wish to hear you explain it all. But now I am anxious to see Mrs. Girton, and at once. You can hardly realize how much I long for her presence. If you will send—"

"I will. Perhaps you would like to see her privately, at first."

"Not at all. If what you say is true, I will be unselfish enough to take part in a general rejoicing. Let her come down here, and let us all breakfast together."

"Very well. I will ask the messenger to call the colonel also; I wonder that they have not already come down."

She called an employé of the hotel. She sent requests to Mrs. Girton and Colonel de Laishé to come to the breakfast-room as soon as possible.

The messenger returned in a few moments. His face was filled with terror and consternation.

"Colonel de Laishé's door was not locked," he said; "and so, after I had knocked two or three times, I—I opened it and went in, and—"

Paul Walldon caught the man by the arm.

"Well, what is it?" he cried; "what did you find?"

"Nothing. His room is empty, and his bed hasn't been slept in."

"And—and you went to my—to Mrs. Girton's room?" demanded the doctor.

"Yes, sir."

"And what did you find there?"

"Nothing, sir, nothing."

"You mean that her room was empty? that you found she had not slept there?"

"No, sir. Her door is locked. I could not get in. But I could get no answer."

"My—my wife is the truest and most noble woman in the world," said Thomas Girton, resolutely, his pale and stern face softening a little about the lips as he spoke, and his loyalty and devotion shining in his eyes. He glanced half combatively at Paul and Ethel, as if they had said something in despite of his assertion—or were about to do so.

"They are both true and noble," said Paul, emphatically; "I can never, never doubt that."

"De Laishé will come again," said Ethel; "the same brave and true man he has been, and unstained by even a shadow of treachery or wickedness towards those he has served—unless the reason which keeps him is that one which is to keep each one of us from the last hoped-for pleasure or the last planned duty, some day!"

CHAPTER XXXIV.—THE SECOND TIME.

THEY all rushed up-stairs, as though with one accord. All feared—they knew not what. Each felt that certainty would be better than this surprise, no matter how terrible that certainty might be.

They stopped in front of the door of Mrs. Girton's room, and knocked, and listened. There came no answer to their imperative summons, none that they could recognize as an answer, but a half-stifled wail or moan seemed to stir the air in some hidden recess, far, far away.

Thomas Girton put his shoulder to the door, pushed his best, and failed. He moved back some steps, ran with great speed, and with all the anxious agony which he felt giving strength to his muscles; he sprang against the door; he sprang against it again and again; it was of no use; he could not gain entrance in that way into the room in which he expected to find his wife—perhaps to find her dying, or dead. He paused, thoroughly exhausted, and wiped the sweat from his face.

Help came soon. One of the employés of the hotel brought an ax. Walldon took it, and under his vigorous blows the door soon gave way. Then they all crowded into the room, Girton going first. And they found the room empty!

There was not the same evidence of past quiet—the tidiness and peacefulness—there that they had found in the room which had been assigned for the use of Colonel Carlos de Laishé. Here, there were evidences of a severe struggle, in overturned chairs, and in torn and deranged curtains and bedding. Here was the pillow on which the head of Minnie Girton had undoubtedly rested when there came into her life this new horror of which the room was the mute, though eloquent, index—this horror at which they could only guess. There was even a drop or two of blood, fallen here and there on the white bedclothes, to tell of possibilities that almost drove her husband to madness.

No; this was not such a scene as had been found in the room De Laishé had left behind him. And, from the difference between the two rooms, Minnie Girton's friends gathered new terrors in her behalf. If she had only left her room as unstirred and orderly as he had; if she had only—

But they did not think of the paradoxes of Providence. They did not think that De Laishé lay under the mantle of the snow, in the valley which had been the scene of his greatest triumph, and no less cold and white than the snow which covered him.

"I thought I heard—" began Walldon.

"Yes, so did I," replied Ethel.

"A moaning, a wailing," began Girton. "There! there it is again!"

All made a simultaneous rush for the closet which opened out of the room. Girton reached it first. He opened the door, stepped in, and immediately came out a great deal more rapidly than he went in. He sank into a chair, pale and unnerved.

Paul Walldon then pushed his way by Ethel and the hotel employés who were present, and entered the closet himself. The sight he saw was enough to excite Girton—or any one with a vivid imagination! A woman lay stretched on the floor of the closet, face downward, and partly concealed from view by the clothing which hung from the hooks on the wall. Dead? No; Walldon saw at once there was life there, and a very vigorous, excited, angry sort of vitality it was. Minnie Girton? No! Paul raised the woman to her feet; he hurriedly cut away some light ropes which had confined her wrists and her ankles; he removed a very cruel-looking gag from between her jaws; and Marie partially relieved her mind by the use of very vigorous language regarding some person or persons who had put her in so ridiculous a position, to say nothing of the discomfort and possible danger of it.

Dr. Girton hurried forward. Marie had always been as good a friend of his as of Mrs. Girton's. Indeed, up to the time when Paul Walldon's coming to Girton's house, followed by his mysterious going away, had made all the trouble and strange complications which had followed, she had regarded Girton and his wife as so fully one that a person could not be on good terms with one and not with the other. Then, she had gone to Mr. Stannard's, when Mrs. Girton went, and later with her wherever she had gone, and always full of a belief and a hope that the time would come when all would be well again.

It was a long time since Marie had seen Dr. Girton. She was very glad to see him. But she did not take his hand, she gave him no formal greeting. She did not even seem surprised at meeting him there. Possibly her experiences had been such that she would no longer know surprise at anything.

"Where—where—" began Dr. Girton.

He could not have finished his question if his life had depended upon it. But his eyes finished it for him.

"Leonard Stannard!" gasped Marie.

"Leonard Stannard?" cried the doctor.

"Yes; he suddenly came in, with two or three men, and had us at a disadvantage before we were fairly awake. He bound me with his own hands, fitted in the gag which has caused me so much suffering, and then threw me into the closet where you found me. 'Lie there, you jade,' he said; 'and I hope it'll be a good long time before they find you; I trust you find yourself thoroughly uncomfortable; tell them, when they get alarmed enough to come and hunt you up, that if Minnie Girton doesn't decide to a final and complete separation from her husband, and a union with me, that they'll never have the pleasure of meeting her again in this world. You may tell them, too, that I have done for De Laishé; they'll find him over in a valley, near a deserted old house, and that is all the satisfaction they'll ever get out of me.' That is what Mr. Stannard said, and about all he said."

"I suppose that means that Stannard has killed the colonel?" said Paul Walldon; "and that we shall find his dead body there? Let us go at once."

"I think it doesn't mean that at all," said the doctor; "my opinion is that it is simply a device of Stannard's, invented on the spur of the moment, for putting us off the track and gaining more time; you may rest assured that it is either that or an idle assertion intended only to frighten the woman he had left behind to suffering and solitude. He has done his worst with my wife; I do not doubt that. And I question if he would dare kill even her. As for Colonel de Laishé, he has surely not killed him. He would not, unless—"

"Pardon me, Tom," said Walldon, solemnly and impressively; "but he would. He threw De Laishé into the sea at Bobunquedunk, and—"

"But the colonel said he fell in," interrupted Ethel.

"I can't help that," responded Walldon; "I know he said so. I don't know why. But Stannard threw him in, all the same; I saw it done."

"Then," said Girton, slowly and reflectively, "De Laishé may really be dead."

"I—I fear so," said Walldon; "do you make the necessary inquiries for putting yourself on the track of Stannard and whatever men he may have in his employ. I will attend to hunting for De Laishé, dead or alive."

"Now," said Ethel Atherton, as Girton hurried away, and after the employés of the hotel had withdrawn, "I have a few things to tell you before you go out into the streets of this city to get help in your search for Colonel de Laishé."

"I cannot wait. Think of the colonel, possibly dead, perhaps wounded, and—"

"No matter. You must listen. You shall."

She drew him into a retired spot at the end of the hall. She looked about her, to be sure that there were no listeners. Then, in very few words, the whole recital taking less than a quarter of an hour, she gave him an outline of those parts of his missing years, so far as she knew them, the knowledge of which would be of most importance to him in the work which this day had brought to him, and the work which the coming days should bring.

She told him of the name which had been his, Carl Manniston; of this city he had founded and named; of the two so-called brothers (so-called because they were really sons of the man who had found him somewhere, in his boyhood, and raised him to manhood, almost as his own son), who had been in business with him, and to whom it was well known he had been very generous. She told him of the marriage which had been appointed between them; "I am the only one left to tell you many of these things," she said, "if it be really true that De Laishé, our good and true friend, has paid for his friendship with his life;" she told him of the time when he had been suddenly called out to see some one—called away from her side, and from the bliss of marriage to which they had so long looked forward—and never returned; she told him of the murder of her father, and of the unavailing search for the murderer. "You were among those suspected by some, I suppose," she said, "though no one was ever able to give any reason for such a suspicion, unless your absence was itself a reason. In time, partly because their business relations made such a conclusion not unreasonable, general opinion settled upon Ratcliffe Dangerford as the murderer. There was no proof, and I, though disliking him more after this tragic event, with which some very acute people pretended to see great reason for connecting him, than I ever had before, did not really believe him the guilty man. I only thought his guilt possible, and so loathed and hated him accordingly. But—"

And she told him of the events of the evening before. "I did not see the evidence," she said; "but Colonel de Laishé did, and I think Marie did. Mrs. Girton has it with her, and we shall know just what it is when she is found."

He learned of the way in which it was hoped he could assist in making the Girton family united and happy again, and of the reasons why it had been feared it would be unwise to ask him to speak.

"Now," she said, "let us get help and go and look for De Laishé. You will find many acquaintances on the street, when you go out in daylight—men who will smile and offer their hands—men who will remember the mystery of the death of my father, and so only frown and shake their heads—and men who will know you only as the rich man you were, and are, and so will be very discreet and non-committal. But they will all call you Carl Manniston. They will ask you many questions. Most of their inquiries will be such that you will find it impossible to answer any of them correctly. I must go with you, to satisfy and explain. I know you will need me."

"Always," said Paul Walldon.

The inquiries made by Dr. Girton were not very

satisfactory and assuring. He found that Mr. Stannard had purchased five good horses, late the last night, and had paid a good price for them. Manniston was still far enough west, and primitive enough, to make it possible for a man to do so remarkable a thing as that without its exciting much comment—provided he had money to pay, and a manner which showed him to be in the habit of doing as he pleased. He found that Stannard had bought some light supplies, a considerable amount of ammunition, and had procured arms enough to make four or five men furnished with them somewhat formidable antagonists.

Three men were missing, who were very likely with Stannard. Of course, in a town where the population was floating and unstable, where men came and went every day, and where the editor who had made much of a feature of these arrivals and departures in his "Society News" would have been unpopular—and unsafe—the fact that there were three men gone didn't count for much. But these men were those who had played poker with Mr. Stannard early in the evening, and who had evidently parted from him on the best of terms when a reasonably late time had witnessed the breaking up of the game and the separation of the players, apparently for the night. These men had intended to remain in Manniston for some days, or had, at least, said so. Then, last of all, they were men of the kind to make this deed a reasonable one to expect of them.

"Two men who have lost their beauty, and one who will never lose any," said one man, appreciatively; "and three men, taken all in all, who are much handsomer to look at than they are to deal with. I tell you, if they have your wife, you're not likely to get her back without a fight."

"I—suppose—money—"

But the man interrupted him: "I heard some one say that the fellow you call by the name of Stannard played for their services—and won. If he did, they'll serve him! They'd lie to their own fathers, steal from their own mothers, and betray their own families—or one another—for money. But anything ratified by the fortunes of the card-table—that they will stick to."

The best information seemed to indicate that the fugitives had gone to the southwest. The man with whom Dr. Girton had talked, the man who had given Stannard's probable adherents the character he had, shook his head at this.

"If they have gone to the southwest," he said, "it will be unsafe to follow them."

"Why?"

"On account of the Indians."

"Are there many savages in that region?"

"Not many, but they are dangerous."

"You think they will make trouble for me and any party I may take with me to help rescue my wife?"

"I think they are very likely to."

"And that the only safety is in a large party?"

"Not exactly. I think you are more likely to succeed if your party is a large one. But I think the only absolute safety is in not going at all."

"It—it will be as unsafe for Stannard and—and—"

Girton stumbled over it. The good-hearted man took pity on him, and helped him out.

"No; it will not be as dangerous for them as for you, though even they will be in some danger. They, not Stannard, of course, but the rest, understand the nature of the savages, and, more than likely, know some of them. I think they will find it possible to go through a country where the only thing you could do would be to turn around and come back—a country where they must be watchful. But—"

"Well?"

"Stannard will be in command, of course."

"I think so. I fear so."

"You fear so? He isn't so very terrible a man, is he?"

"He is."

"He doesn't look so. I saw him yesterday. He's a dissipated-looking fellow, I think, though even that struck me as being the result of recent excesses. But he hasn't a bad face, not very bad, not such faces, by any means, as the men who have gone with him have."

"That may be. But I don't know how he could well be worse than I think he is."

Girton gathered together quite a little party, a half-dozen men or so; he furnished them with horses, and arms, and ammunition; he promised good pay, whatever happened, and a wonderfully large reward in the event of the rescue of Mrs. Girton.

It still lacked some time of noon when they turned their horses' heads towards the southwest, and rode out of Manniston at a sharp trot.

Paul Walldon and Ethel found plenty of help in their search for the missing friend they loved so well—help from men who called Paul by another name, at first, and spoke to him with respect and affection—men who listened to a few well-chosen words of explanation from Ethel, and then called their old acquaintance by this new name, and looked curiously, sometimes even pityingly, upon one who had lost a fifth of a century of the busiest and most worthy part of his life.

They found help for their search. Their search did not last long. They found Carlos de Laishé, where Stannard's shot had slain him. They carried him reverently up to the city. They laid him in a costly casket. In good time they buried him, and it was not long before a splendid monument rose above his dust. They could tell nothing of the date nor place of his birth; there was no certainty as to what nationality had been his; the manner of his death was uncertain, for only De Laishé and Stannard had stood together in the little valley in which one had predetermined that the end of the life of the other should come, and so his monument contains no hint of the way in which he found the end; they wrote nothing of his good deeds, for many of them were of so

delicate and confidential a character as to require much explanation—and admit of little; not even his title appeared on the massive stone, for no one could say in whose service, nor under what flag, he had won it. His memory is embalmed in the hearts of many, and, when their lips falter and their eyes dim, another generation shall know the story of his devotion and sacrifice, and shall call him blessed. But, if you go, some time, led by your interest in what I have written, and I have yet to write, to visit the growing Western city of Manniston, you will find a tall and stately column rising above a grave there, without a word of praise or blame—hope or fear—upon its polished surface; it leaves all things to God, as all must do, in the end, despite epitaphs and inscriptions. And, deeply carved into this shaft, is only the name: CARLOS DE LAISHE.

In the afternoon of that day of their renewed engagement, Paul Walldon and Ethel Atherton walked far out of town on the smooth, crisp, Winter road. Ethel had been to her own old home, for a time, after the dead body of De Laishé had been found and taken care of, and had had pleasant words from, and as pleasant ones for, her people. But, after all, she felt that her best place was with the man she loved—the man who needed her so much, and she was as ready for this walk as Paul was.

It would take more time and space than I have at my disposal to write out all that they said to each other in those long, delicious Winter hours; for them, there seemed no Winter, and much that they said would be found of little value to us, whatever they may have felt was its value to them. Much related to the story of Paul's past, in learning of which he found Ethel his eyes and his memory—a feeling of dependence which would have been very irksome to a man thus compelled to rely on any one but some person tenderly loved, but which Paul Walldon found very pleasant. I shall find it convenient to transcribe a little of what they said—and only a little.

They had turned in their walk, far to the east of Manniston. The sun was just setting, lingering in golden glory among the mountain peaks and ridges which stood out in sharp, though softened, outlines, on what seemed the very margin of the world in which they lived.

"So you see you need me," said Ethel. Her tone was as frank as her words. She was thinking of what they had been saying, of how long a lesson Paul had taken in the history of his missing years, of how many explanations of hers had made the rough smooth and the crooked straight for him that very day. As for more—of course there would be more, some time. That was a matter for the distant future. She would marry him—some time. But now, was not Minnie Girton lost? Did not De Laishé lie in the city, yonder, looking mutely up towards heaven with his sightless eyes, and silently calling for vengeance upon the one who sent him to his untimely death? Had she not much to do yet? Much to wait for? I do not wonder that her words were frank, and her tones as frank.

But the man was one who thought quickly, and acted as he thought. He answered her remark most appropriately: "Yes, every hour!" But there was a tenderness in it which sent the blushes tingling through her cheeks and neck and brow. And he took her hand as he spoke.

"You will learn, in time," she said, "so much of the past you cannot remember, and never will, that you will need me no longer."

"Never," said Paul Walldon.

"Until then, I shall be near you much."

"Ethel, it should be always."

"It will be, after some happy day in our future—the day when I become Ethel Walldon, or—or—or—"

She could not finish. Lately, she had grown so used to Walldon that no other name seemed to fit the man whose promised bride she was; and when she thought of Baal—of Baal with his persistence—she could not have finished her audacious pleasantry with the name of Manniston—not if her life had depended upon it.

"And when is that to be?" he asked.

"I do not know. I cannot tell now. It will be a long time in the future."

"Why?"

Why, indeed? She could not tell. She had been ready to share this man's name and fortune once. She would never be so young again. She would never again be so near the heart of that golden age of romance which comes to all, and which she and her lover were leaving behind them—leaving to the younger ones of earth—and to the inexperienced.

"I—I do not know," she said.

"No! I don't think you do. You haven't the same home you had when you were ready to leave it for mine?"

"No."

"You need a protector as much now as you did then?"

She suddenly raised herself on tiptoe, reached up and kissed him.

"I love you better now than I ever did before," she said; "I have never forgotten the way in which I feel sure you meant to save me, so far as you could, the night my father died."

"And—I never needed you so much as now?"

"Certainly not."

"Why delay, then? If lost Minnie Girton were found—what would she say? If dead De Laishé could speak—what would he advise? It is true we are in trouble. It is true death has fallen very near us. It is true that a fate worse than death threatens one near to us and dear to us. But shall we wrong any one—the stolen or the silent—if we provide for our mutual protection and aid? Why not marry me this very night?"

The woman gazed away to the west, shining with the glory of the dying day—to the city to which this eloquent pleader had given his name—

to the mountains which scarcely lay beyond his furthest landed possessions. She gloried in the strength which had been his in the days when he had ruled almost like a king in this city of the plains at the foot of the mountains. She gloried in the old-time, impetuous strength, mighty but generous, with which he had been wont to put down all opposition. She—she gloried in that same strength of his now; she—she was glad to be weakness to his might. She put her hands, both of them, in his.

"It shall be as you wish," she said. And they walked back to the city in the glory of the early evening, and found the glory greater than any other persons in Manniston did, I'll venture to assert. (To be continued.)

LORD LANSDOWNE'S TENANTS.

THE following vivid picture of Irish tenant life on a great estate is given in Blakely Hall's description, in the New York Sun, of a night spent in one of the cabins on Lord Lansdowne's property:

"Will it soon be day? asked the woman by my side, in a drowsing voice.

"Not for six hours yet. Are you sleepy?"

"Indade I'm not. How could I slape wid what's before me?"

"You are to be turned out, I'm told."

"We are. To-morra, too."

"Have you anywhere to go?"

"The bog, that's all. Our neighbors are no better than ourselves. Is there justice on earth? Phat 'ave we done, sure, to be so punished? Her voice fell to a low droning tone that was almost in consonance with the wind that played under the eaves.

"Whin this place wuz so bad that Lord Lansdowne—may his own children rise against him!—could do nothin' wid it, me husband, but a lad thin, asked fur a plot av ground. They tol' him he could settle here fur back from th' road an' across th' bog, an' that he'd have t' pay no rint, th' lan' bein' so bad. He wurruked an' wurruked fer eight years, an' whin he'd got th' little farm goin', sure phat happened? He wuz tol' to pay five years' back rint. 'Twas th' day before he married me, an' full well Lord Lansdowne an' his agents knew that th' money me fadder wuz givin' me on me weddin' day would jist pay the rint. So we give all we had in th' wide wurruled t' Lord Lansdowne on our weddin' day an' began life widout a ha'penny. God knows it wuz hard, but it's been harder an' harder ever since. We carried th' stones of which this cabin's built on our own backs from th' mountain-foot—an' whin it wuz done his lordship raised th' rint agin becuse th' farm wuz more valybul wid a cabin on it. Since thin fer twenty long years have we toiled and toiled draggin' peat into Kennmare fer nintence th' load an' walkin' sivinteen miles a day t' do it—savin' an' scrapin' an' starvin', but wid all our work gettin' a little bit behind each year. I haven't tasted mate for six years, an' on this cold night after twenty years of work I have a meal-sack fur a petticoat an' me ole shawl t' keep me sholders warrum. Phat 'ave we done?" she asked, piteously, half rising in bed.

"All our lives we've toiled for Lord Lansdowne, but we can't do more'n we can do—"

"Curse him!" shouted the husband, in a voice that came like a clap of thunder. "May his soul go witherin' down to—"

"Kuh-winkgz, kuh-winkgz, kuh-winkgz," came a stifled snort and whine.

"Holy murther!" cried Mrs. McCormick; "ye've waked th' pig."

"The deuce was to pay apparently. The children set up a howl, and the pig protested eloquently and refused to be soothed. I fished out my match-box and handed it to McCormick, who found a dry match, struck it, and held it aloft.

"There was a sight for you! Why don't some of the painters who are looking for subjects do this? In the middle of the bed rose McCormick's gaunt figure, holding the match above his head and addressing words of fulsome love and passion to his 'darlint' pig. His long gray hair was disheveled, and his reddish beard stuck out wildly from his chin. His rough shirt was open at the neck, but he was dressed in his ordinary attire—naturally enough, of course, for the poor devil had no other. Hanging to the uplifted arm of her husband was Mrs. McCormick, calling upon the pig, in the name of heaven, to be a lovely thing again, and give up its 'humbuggin' jokes, while in the far corner was the pig, on all fours, with its snout in the air, snorting like a freight engine on an up grade. It was a fine, pinkish and clean-looking pig, too. Directly under the animal lay the sick baby. The little thing was piping shrilly. A miscellaneous assortment of children lay between the father and the pig. Wrapped around the baby was the shawl Mrs. McCormick had spoken of as keeping her own shoulders warm. She had taken the only garment that could give her a bit of comfort and placed it around her child, with the marvelous unselfishness of a mother's heart. She had even put the child from her, too, because she knew that there was more warmth in the pig's than in her own emaciated body. Warmth in that strait was all important for the sickly child. The mother, meanwhile, had nothing around her shoulders but a thin little waist. She lay there shivering, but happy, for she felt that the child was warm.

"It did not seem to me at that moment that any man, no matter how soulless and grasping a Shylock he might be, could thrust such people out into the swamps in midwinter."

"The English people," says a London correspondent of the Spirit of the Times, "have always been great ale-drinkers. Burton-on-the-Trent is to-day probably the largest brewing district in the world. It is there that Bass, Alsopp and many other famous brewers are established. It is said that the water of the Trent is superior to all others. This may be true, but there are other ales that some judges consider preferable to either of the great names I have mentioned. The City of London is dotted all over with breweries, while in the suburban districts very large concerns exist. The beer consumed is immense. Even in the seventeenth century there were 1,522,781 barrels of beer brewed in the City of London alone, each barrel containing 32 or 34 gallons. This amount has doubled, and I do not know but quadrupled, since then. It is beer, beer, or ale, ale, at every corner, at nearly every table, and when a man or woman has not sufficient money for bread, in some mysterious way they put their hands deep down in their pockets and manage to find enough for a pint of beer and a pennyworth of gin. There are many anecdotes respecting the drink custom of England. In an old book I read that one day the

celebrated Dr. Channing was paying the toll on a turnpike road, and saw a notice of whisky, rum, tobacco, etc., on a board, which bore a strong resemblance to a gravestone. 'I am glad to see,' said the doctor to the girl, who received the toll, 'that you have been burying these things.' 'If we had,' saith the girl, 'I don't doubt but that you would have been chief mourner.'

"Recently there has sprung up quite a discussion as to the origin of beer. Professor Schwachhofer, of Vienna, has been lecturing on the subject of beer, and he regards Egypt as the birthplace of this beverage, which was known as 'liquid bread,' and hints that the 'leaven' of the Bible, or 'manna,' might have been in this form. He goes on to say that from the Egyptians the art of brewing descended to the Ethiopians. He says the Romans despised beer. Herodotus speaks of the brewing of the 'barley wine.' Pliny and Dioscorides refer to the brewing of beer from barley in France, Spain and Pomerania. There are other writers and speakers on this subject who declare that no race or nation can claim a distinct priority in the production of beer, but in every country where barley was raised brewing was known. The old Saxon for barley was 'bere' or 'bear.' History states that ale gradually took the place of mead and metheglin, just as in the countries of the vine it was itself naturally superseded by the juice of the grape. Before hops were employed the ground ivy—ale hoofe, as it was called—was used for clearing and preserving ale."

"The foreign quarter of Canton."

A CORRESPONDENT of the St. Louis Globe-Democrat, writing from Canton, China, says: "The Shameen, where the foreigners have their homes, is an artificial island; a place of stone houses, with outside galleries and ornamental gardens of verdure, shade, beauty and comparative quiet. Doves coo in the eaves of the houses, birds sing in the trees, and but for the distant roar in the air, the slightly subdued bang of gongs, tom-toms and boat-peoples' voices, one might forget the neighboring millions of Chinese. The foreign consuls and merchants have spacious and comfortable homes, a fine clubhouse, a pretty church and a large court, where every one plays tennis through all the months of the year on every afternoon that it does not rain. Canton lies in the Torrid Zone for one-half of the year, and the Summers are something unspeakable. The houses are built with the sole view to coolness and ventilation and to escaping the direct rays of the merciless sun. There are stone galleries around each floor, the roofs are double, and there is a high air-chamber under each roof. The ceiling of each room has a perforated border of latticework in it to carry off heated air and help the ventilating currents in Summer, but when a stray norther blows in a cold snap in Winter these perforated ceilings make more drafts and currents than one wants, which renders it impossible to heat the rooms. When a cold north wind comes the wind howls through the ceilings in good midwinter fashion, and the thermometer may drop to sixty degrees or go a few lines under it."

"The National Baseball Club has decided that no salary in excess of \$2,000 shall be paid to players, but personal contracts may be made outside."

"The International Railway, which opened for business March 1st, will run one train direct from New York to the City of Mexico. There is only one change of cars made in the entire route."

"The Michigan Supreme Court has decided two points of the new State Liquor Law unconstitutional, weakening the force of the law very much. One was the section providing for police control by the Detroit authorities of townships adjoining Detroit, and the other a section making lawful the arrest without process of a saloon-keeper discovered in the act of violating the Liquor Law."

"PHILADELPHIA capital is about to develop an important marble industry in Dakota. An eighty-acre tract of land has been bought, over nearly all of which the formation extends, rising above the surface from thirty to seventy-five feet. The marble is of fine quality and of various colors, most of it being chocolate color, however, with good veins. Work will begin at once, railroad facilities being within a mile and a half of the quarry. A cubic foot of marble can be laid down in Chicago for 75 cents that will bring in that market from \$3 to \$6."

"An interesting and important bit of Shakespeareana is contributed by a correspondent to the New York Sun. He says that of the 250 copies that were originally printed in London of the famous first edition of Shakespeare's plays, not fewer than thirteen copies are in the possession of libraries and collectors in this city! The first collected edition, familiarly known as the first folio, of Shakespeare's 'Comedies, Histories and Tragedies,' was published in 1623, and the fact that as many as thirteen copies of it are owned in New York is proof that his American admirers are willing to pay well for rare literary treasures. An excellent copy of the first folio is open to free inspection at the Lenox Library."

"DEATH-ROLL OF THE WEEK."

MARCH 3d.—In Brooklyn, N. Y., ex-Police Commissioner Thomas Carroll, aged 61 years.

MARCH 4th.—In Boston, Mass., A. Bronson Alcott, the author and philosopher, aged 88 years; in Concord, N. H., Colonel J. Horace Kent, Warden of the New Hampshire State Prison, aged 55 years; in Hartford, Conn., Rev. William S. Kerr, Professor of Theology in the Hartford Seminary, aged 60 years.

MARCH 6th.—In Roxbury, Mass., Louisa May Alcott, the well-known authoress, and daughter of Bronson Alcott, aged 56 years; in Wilmington, Del., Henry Eckel, formerly editor of the Delaware State Journal; in Brooklyn, N. Y., Captain Alexander Hunter, aged 46 years; in Ann Arbor, Mich., Byron W. Cheever, Professor of Metallurgy in the University of Michigan, aged 46 years.

MARCH 7th.—In Baltimore, Md., A. S. Pennington, Assistant District Attorney, aged 29 years.

MARCH 8th.—In Paterson, N. J., Joseph Gledhill, the oldest resident of that city, aged 92 years; at Deep River, Conn., Rev. Russell Jennings, the wealthy Baptist clergyman and manufacturer; in Washington, D. C., Colonel G. W. M. Morse, inventor of the Morse gun; in Charlestown, W. Va., General David H. Strother ("Porte Crayon"), aged 72 years; in New York, William Foster Lee, aged 68 years; in Shirley, Va., Captain Robert R. Carter, aged 60 years.

MARCH 9th.—In Washington, D. C., Thomas J. Potter, Vice-president and General Manager of the Union Pacific Railroad, aged 49 years; in New York, Dr. F. R. S. Drake, a prominent physician.

"ENGLISH ALE."

"The English people," says a London correspondent of the Spirit of the Times, "have always been great ale-drinkers. Burton-on-the-Trent is to-day probably the largest brewing district in the world. It is there that Bass, Alsopp and many other famous brewers are established. It is said that the water of the Trent is superior to all others. This may be true, but there are other ales that some judges consider preferable to either of the great names I have mentioned. The City of London is dotted all over with breweries, while in the suburban districts very large concerns exist. The beer consumed is immense. Even in the seventeenth century there were 1,522,781 barrels of beer brewed in the City of London alone, each barrel containing 32 or 34 gallons. This amount has doubled, and I do not know but quadrupled, since then. It is beer, beer, or ale, ale, at every corner, at nearly every table, and when a man or woman has not sufficient money for bread, in some mysterious way they put their hands deep down in their pockets and manage to find enough for a pint of beer and a pennyworth of gin. There are many anecdotes respecting the drink custom of England. In an old book I read that one day the

PERSONAL GOSSIP.

PROFESSOR T. FREDERICK CRANE and Mr. Eugene Schuyler will represent Cornell University at the approaching eight hundredth anniversary of Bologna, Italy.

THE Union Labor party of Indiana has nominated General John B. Milroy for Governor. The convention rejected a proposition to indorse Henry George's land views.

MR. ANDREW CARNEGIE says that Pittsburg is in danger of losing her supremacy as the iron centre of America. Under existing circumstances Chicago can rival her.

JUBILEE presents still pour in on the Pope. Many apartments in the Vatican are full, and the Roman railway station is crowded with packages yet unopened. A great many have been stolen.

M. CHEVREUL, the noted scientist of France, who is 102 years old, has been sitting to a sculptor for a bust. "Be kind enough," he said to the artist, "not to make me look any older than I am."

REV. DR. JOHN HALL, of New York, good-humoredly denies the story that he has received over \$30,000 this Winter for wedding fees. He says that he received only 30 per cent. of that figure.

THE President recently wrote in a lady's album the following distich:

"Woman's name—hers but to give away;
A man's—his all; it should not go astray."
—GROVER CLEVELAND.

GENERAL BOUTANGER has asked permission of the French Minister of War to publish a letter in which he may request his friends not to waste their votes in attempting to elect him to a position which he cannot accept.

LORD LONSDALE, who has acquired some notoriety by his connection with a certain theatrical troupe, proposes to make an expedition to the North Pole, and afterwards to explore the interior of Africa. His only companions will be his valet and his dog.

ROBERT GARRETT, late President of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, reached Singapore, on the Malay Peninsula, in his tour round the world. He will take a leisurely tour through India, and will then proceed to Hamburg and other European cities, returning to Baltimore about November.

MR. P. D. ARMOUR, the Chicago millionaire, has gone to Carlsbad, Germany, for the benefit of his health. Before leaving, he gave each of the clerks in his office an order for a new suit of clothes. Orders were given on one tailor alone for over \$1,600, and there were smaller orders on several others.

THEY have a curious condition of political affairs in Milwaukee. All parties, Republican, Democratic and Labor, desire to nominate the same man, Mr. Edward P. Allis, for Mayor. This is strange enough, but the more curious fact is that Mr. Allis, who might be elected unanimously, refuses to run at all.

THE late Bronson Alcott believed that he could propagate his ideas best by conversations. Accordingly, since 1839 he had held conversations on his chosen subjects, and in many and widely separated parts of the country. In later times he visited and spoke in the schools wherever he happened to be lecturing or conversing, particularly at the West, where he was warmly welcomed in his annual tours. His home was at all times a centre of hospitality and a resort for persons with ideas and aspirations.

THE twenty-fifth anniversary of the pastorate of the Rev. Dr. Howard Crosby of the Fourth Avenue Presbyterian Church, New York, was celebrated last week. Representatives of all religious denominations participated in the celebration. In his reply to a congratulatory address, Dr. Crosby said he had missed filling his pulpit only sixteen Sundays in twenty-five years on account of sickness. During his pastorate 2,305 persons had joined the church, of which 1,328 joined on profession of faith. Dr. Crosby had also married 229 couples. During each year \$15,000 had been given for charitable objects and the same sum for church expenses.

H. RIDER HAGGARD, the romancer, is now declared to be an American by birth, and to have won fame under a fictitious name. According to a story now in circulation, the future author of "She" was taken abroad when very young, and upon reaching manhood was a cavalryman in the British service. At one time, when recovering from an illness in the military hospital, he looked at his haggard countenance in the mirror, uttering as he did so the words "Haggard! Haggard!" As he was then projecting his well-known African romance, he concluded to take as his nom de plume the word which had described his appearance, and, being a cavalryman, it was fitting that the name should become H. Rider Haggard, which stands for Horseback Rider Haggard.

In a recent note to Mrs. Frank Leslie, announcing his change of residence, Mr. Wilkie Collins speaks in this kindly way of the ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER. He says: "I know of no similar publication in Europe which so steadily maintains variety of subject and excellence of engraving in its illustrations. . . . As a reader of the paper I feel greatly indebted to the admirable management of it. And (whether I always agree with the politics or not) I thoroughly appreciate the sincerity of tone and the unaffected simplicity of style in the articles on the second and third pages, 'The Byron Centenary' (in the number for February 4th), so entirely expresses my own opinion, and pays a tribute at once so just and so generous to the memory of the greatest poet of modern times, that I ask leave to mention it particularly, and to offer my congratulations to the author."

SENATOR DON CAMERON always makes a motion, on Thursday of each week, for an adjournment of the Senate until Monday. Week before last he was absent in South Carolina with Senator Butler, and the Senate remained in session on Friday for the first time this Winter. There was considerable joking about it among the Senators, and they anxiously watched Mr. Cameron, upon his return, Thursday last, to see if he would attempt to have the old practice resumed. He not only attempted, but he succeeded. Soon after the Senate met, he solemnly and determinedly made his usual motion, and then went quietly about among the Senators drumming up votes for it. He was so successful that on a roll-call only seventeen Senators voted Nay. By a vote of more than two to one the Senate decided to adjourn until Monday, and when the vote was announced, Mr. Cameron shyly winked at Senator Butler and left the chamber.



ECUADOR.—GENERAL ANTONIO FLORES, PRESIDENT OF THE REPUBLIC.

PENNSYLVANIA UNIVERSITY VETERINARY SCHOOL.

THE new departure, at the University of Pennsylvania, in Philadelphia, in the shape of a Veterinary School where all branches of veterinary surgery and medicine are taught, has been well received, and it is, moreover, a settled and permanent feature of this great institution. The "School" occupies an entire block on the south side of Spruce Street, from Thirty-sixth to Thirty-seventh Street. It is built of granite and Philadelphia pressed brick. On the eastern end of the long line of low buildings is an octagonal building used as a lecture-hall, and on its upper floor the museum and laboratory are located. A farriery is the first section of the line of buildings along Spruce Street, and after it follow the offices of the Dean and his assistant professors, then the clinic rooms, drug store, stables, kennels and hospitals.

Almost every form of disease known to the animal kingdom have been treated in these hospitals since their establishment, and the patients have been of every variety, from "Dom Pedro," who died of acute rheumatism, down to "Chinca," the famous little performing canary, who was afflicted with throat trouble, which necessitated a surgical operation that proved successful. "Dom Pedro" was a big male elephant at the "Zoo" in Fairmount Park before his decease, and was noted for his vicious temper.

Dr. Rush Huidekoper is Dean of the School, and is also a graduate of the Veterinary College at Belfort, in France.

Sick horses whose owners are too poor to pay for treatment are admitted to the hospitals and treated free of charge. Those who have means are required to pay board for their animals, the medicine and treatment being free to all. Dogs, swine, cats, birds and chickens are in the catalogue of patients, and the kennels would produce many a picture for a Landseer. Surgery, comparative anatomy, therapeutics, medicine, farriery, etc., are here taught, and

hundreds of students are in daily attendance. When a "patient" arrives a diagnosis of its case is taken; then a student is detailed to administer the medicine prescribed by the "doctor on duty." And he must keep a faithfully written report of the state of the patient, its temperature and general symptoms, which he presents to the head surgeon at specified times.

A "Clinic," where the students gather around the professor and watch the operations upon a horse that has been thrown on a blanket in the clinic room, is the subject of our illustration. The vignette gives a glimpse of the exterior of the school.

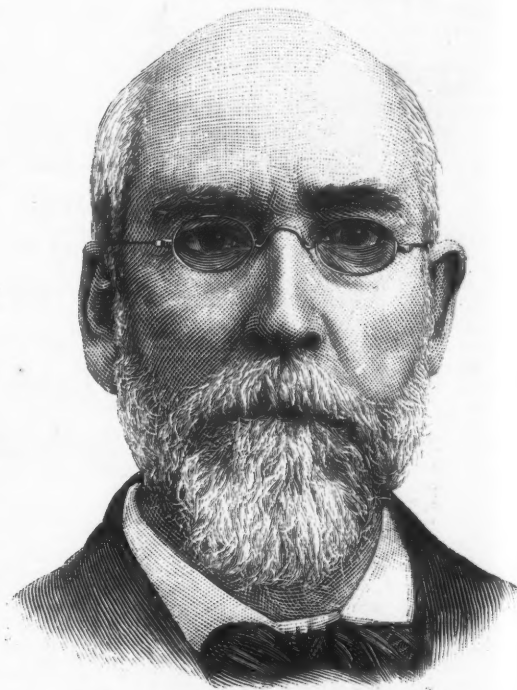
DON ANTONIO FLORES, PRESIDENT OF ECUADOR.

DON ANTONIO FLORES, who has just been elected President of the Republic of Ecuador, is the son of General Juan José Flores, founder of the Republic of Ecuador and its first President. Don Antonio has been Minister to Peru, Chili, the United States, France, England, the Holy See, Germany, Spain, Portugal and Belgium, and for the second time (in 1884) he was sent to the United States. He has been in the Senate of Ecuador, and served under his father at the first taking of Guayaquil, in 1860, where he was wounded. In 1883 he commanded a brigade at the siege and attack of Guayaquil, and was one of the first to enter the town, contributing greatly to the success of the undertaking by his personal bravery and daring. The National Assembly rewarded him with one of the four medals distributed after the campaign; the other three were given to Generals Salazar, Darquea, and Caamano, the retiring President of Ecuador.

As a politician, Minister Flores has been the subject of a remarkable "study" by Torres Calcedo, in his "Biographical Essays." The eminent critic comments on the analysis of the Constitution of Peru published by Don Antonio in the *Revista de Lima*, and decides that the Minister belongs to the "Free Conservative School."

As a parliamentary orator, Minister Flores was applauded even by his adversaries, because by his eloquence he caused to be set at liberty those who rebelled against the Government. Among these was Santos, who pretended to be a naturalized American.

Don Antonio Flores is Corresponding Member of the Royal Spanish Academy, and among his works must be named: "El Gran Mariscal de Ayacucho," of which a second edition was published in New York in 1883; "Naturalization in the United States";



ARKANSAS.—HON. S. P. HUGHES, GOVERNOR OF THE STATE.

PHOTO. BY DAWSON, LITTLE ROCK.

"Spanish Letters to the United States"; "Law of Banks"; "Conversion of the Anglo-Ecuadorian Debt," etc. In the course of his diplomatic career the Minister has signed his name to protocols and documents in Lima, Santiago, Washington, Madrid

and Berlin, "always," according to *Figaro*, "with one aim—the interest of commerce." The poems of Don Antonio Flores have been the object of sympathetic commentaries from competent critics.

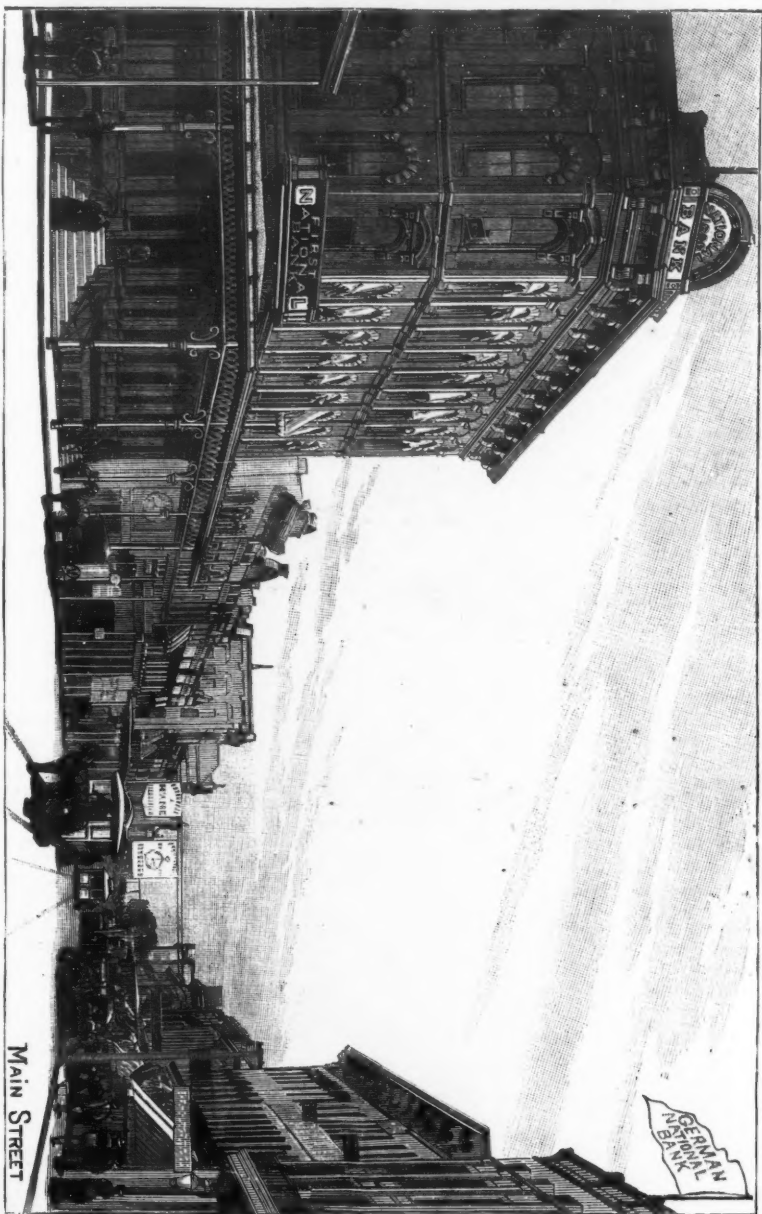
Although Minister Flores is accredited to the United States, for the past eighteen months he has been negotiating treaties with France, Belgium and Germany, and is now in Rome, where he has had several interviews with His Holiness Pope Leo XIII.

HON. S. P. HUGHES, GOVERNOR OF ARKANSAS.

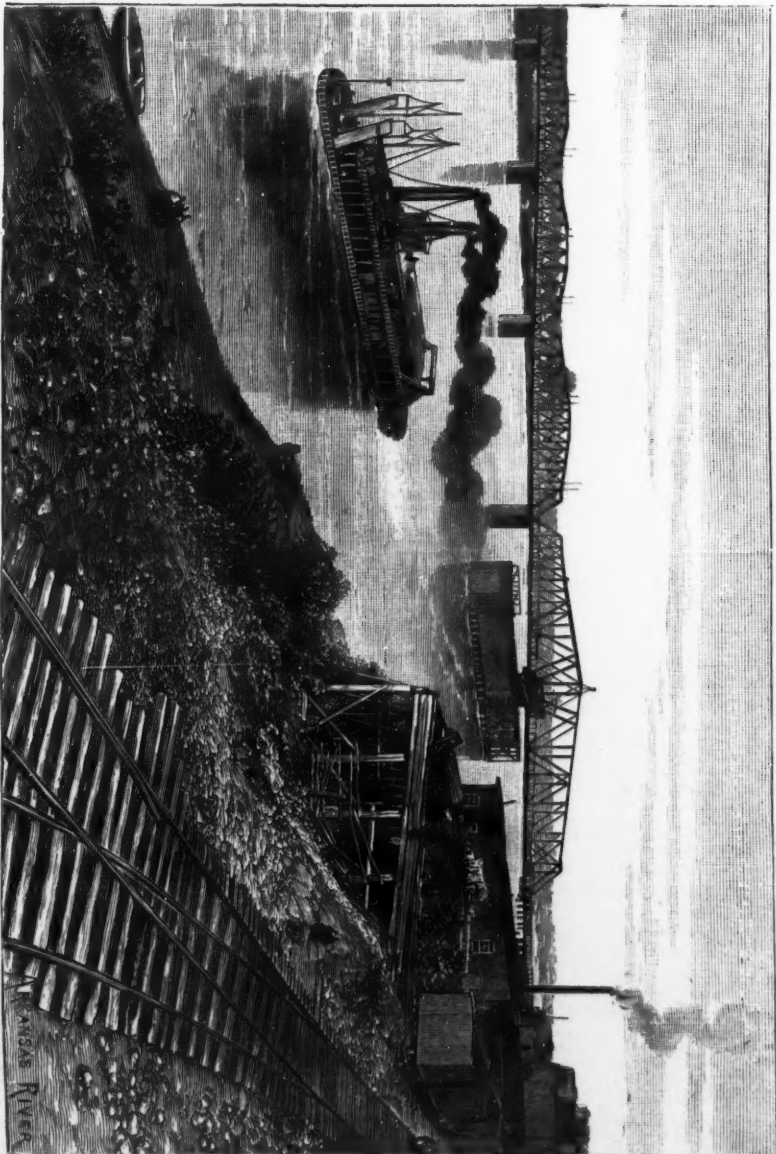
SIMON P. HUGHES, Governor of Arkansas, was born in Tennessee fifty-seven years ago. Left at the age of fourteen, by the death of his father, to make his way in the world, he worked on a farm and attended school and college in his native State until 1849, when he removed permanently to Monroe County, Ark. He was admitted to the Bar in that county in 1857; was married in the same year to Miss Ann E. Blakemore, and has five children living. He was Sheriff in his county in 1855-6; was a Captain and Lieutenant-colonel in the Confederate Army, where he served until the surrender, winning high esteem as a soldier. He was a member of the Arkansas Legislature from Monroe County in 1866-7, and was appointed by that Legislature a member of a committee to visit President Johnson with a view of securing the exemption of his State from the ordeal of reconstruction. He was elected a Delegate from Monroe County to the Constitutional Convention of 1874, when the people were casting about them for the best men to lead them out of the evils of maladministration into order and peace. He was elected Attorney-general of the State in the same year, and served until 1877, undisturbed.



THE VETERINARY SCHOOL OF THE UNIVERSITY OF PENNSYLVANIA, AT PHILADELPHIA—A "CLINIC." FROM A SKETCH BY J. SHAW.



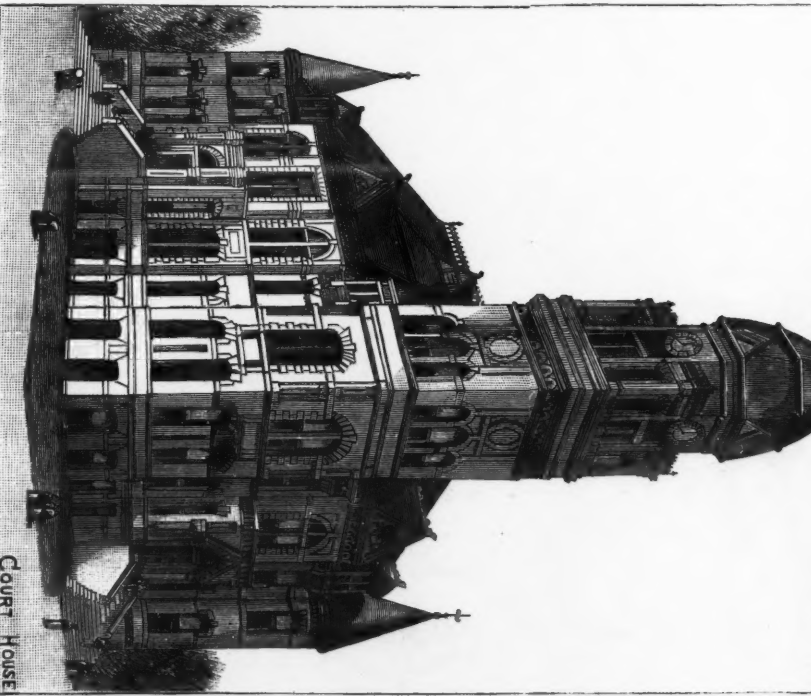
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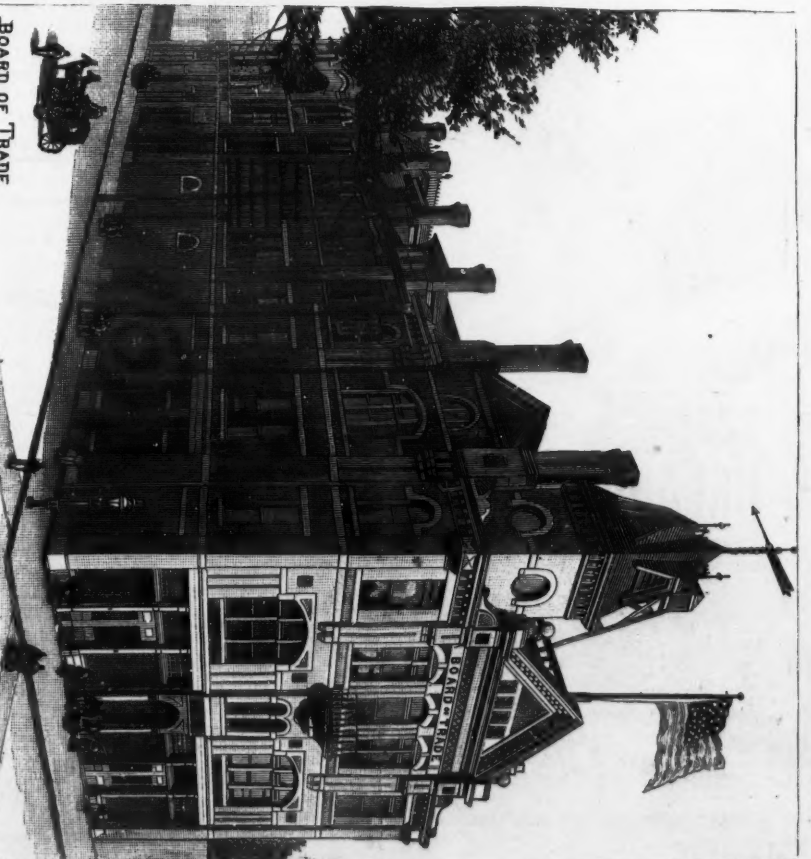
ARKANSAS RIVER



Post Office



Court House



Board of Trade

ARKANSAS.—VIEWS IN THE CITY OF LITTLE ROCK, THE CAPITAL OF THE STATE.

FROM SKETCHES BY A STAFF ARTIST.—SEE PAGE 67.

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Governor Garland's administration. In this position he rendered lasting and valuable service, having in 1875 given an official opinion to the Legislature that led to the taxation of a large quantity of lands granted by Congress to aid in the construction of railroads in Arkansas. He was subsequently a candidate for the Democratic nomination for Governor, and was defeated, though he had a considerable following. His reputation as a lawyer and public speaker ranks high. In 1884 he was elected Governor on the Democratic ticket, and again in 1886, having been nominated by acclamation. It is generally said throughout the State that he has made one of the best Governors which Arkansas ever had. He has shown great executive ability and a sound discretion in dealing with public questions. He has helped largely to have the property of the railroads in his State, long held exempt, subjected to taxation upon an equality with the property of individuals; the taxable value of their property having been increased under his administration, by the Board of Railroad Commissioners, of which he is President, over \$9,000,000.

Under his administration most of the public buildings of the State have been erected; a geological survey of the State has been commenced; the State taxes have been reduced, though a tax has been levied to pay the public debt; the common-school system has become vigorous and prosperous, the population and wealth of the State have rapidly increased, and Arkansas has grown much in importance and in the estimation of people abroad. Governor Hughes is a candidate for re-election, subject to the nomination of his party, and has an earnest, intelligent and powerful following; and if judged by the success and value of his past administration, he will be again elected.

FRAULEIN KITTY BERGER, the charming harp-zither virtuoso, whose unique and artistic performances have never failed to create a sensation in the many European and American capitals where she has played in public, has especial reason to hold the dead Emperor William in affectionate remembrance. A letter of introduction from the venerable Kaiser himself was the sole and all-sufficient credential presented by Miss Berger on the occasion of her appearance before Queen Victoria at Windsor. The fair zitherist needs no introduction to the musical and social circles of New York, who hold in delighted anticipation her approaching concert at the Hotel Brunswick, on Saturday evening of next week (March 24th). Miss Berger will have the assistance of a number of favorite artists, both vocal and instrumental; while the social nature of the event will make it a notable one among the fashionable aesthetic distractions of the season.

FUN.

THERE is too much bomb-bast in the speeches of anarchists.

WHEREVER an external remedy can be applied SALVATION OIL will reach the case. 25c.

Even in Honolulu, capital of the Sandwich Islands, they use DR. BULL'S COUGH SYRUP.

Six months' labor of a Missouri vagrant was sold at auction for thirty-five cents, the other day. He must have belonged to the better class of tramps. —New Haven News.

REASONABLE EXPECTATIONS MAY BE REALIZED.

ALTHOUGH the body is the growth of a score of years, and the chronic diseases which trouble it are, sometimes, also the growth of years, there are a few people who expect the oldest and most obstinate maladies to be cast out in twenty-four hours. Compound Oxygen, the great vitalizer, works surely and reasonably, but not necessarily with railroad speed. On some persons it at once shows its beneficent work. Others have taken it for a week or two, or even more, before beginning to receive marked benefit; for instance, Mr. C. E. Cady, of New York, who was cured of an old catarrh, says: "The benefit I experienced was within four weeks from the time I began. Until then there was little or no effect; then my recovery was rapid." On the other hand, Mrs. Mary Cator, of Camden, New Jersey, says: "The Oxygen had an immediate effect on me the first time Dr. Starkey gave it to me at the office." This lady had a happy experience in being entirely rid of neuralgic pains of long standing. There is hope for everybody who will make a fair trial of Compound Oxygen.

The treatise on this subject, which DR. STARKEY & PALEN will send you free by mail, is well worth reading. Address them at 1529 Arch St., Phila., Pa.

Why Everybody Likes Riker's FAMILY MEDICINES and TOILET REQUISITES.

Because:

First—They do exactly what is expected of them in at least 95 cases out of 100.

Second—They are always reasonable in price, being sold at about one-half the prices charged for the patent nostrums, etc.

Third—Should they in any case fail to do all that is expected of them, you need only say, "This has not proved satisfactory," and your money will be cheerfully returned.

Fourth—These preparations, without exception, are the most reliable, reasonable, satisfactory and best value of any manufacturer in the United States. Send for their illustrated catalogue of family medicines and toilet requisites, which is mailed free on request.

Their goods are now for sale almost everywhere, or may be obtained direct from RIKER & SON, druggists and manufacturing chemists, 353 6th Av., New York. Established 42 years.

ANGOSTURA BITTERS were prepared by Dr. J. G. B. Siebert for his private use. Their reputation is such to-day that they have become generally known as the best appetizing tonic. Beware of counterfeits. Ask your grocer or druggist for the genuine article, manufactured by Dr. J. G. B. Siebert & Sons.

DR. COLTON'S NITROUS OXIDE GAS.—OVER 160,000 TESTIMONIALS ON OUR ROLL AS TO THE EFFICACY OF THE GAS IN THE PAINLESS EXTRACTION OF TEETH. DR. L. M. SLOCUM IS THE OPERATOR, AND HAS BEEN SUCH FOR THE PAST 21 YEARS. OFFICE, 19 COOPER INSTITUTE, NEW YORK.

ADVICE TO MOTHERS.

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP should always be used for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhoea. Twenty-five cents a bottle.

Try Riker's Expectorant

For your cough. If it does not cure you it costs you nothing, as your money is returned. But it will cure you. Prepared only by Wm. B. Riker & Son, Druggists and Manufacturing Chemists, 353 6th Av., near 23d St., where they have been established forty-two years. Per bottle (half pint), 60 cents. All their preparations sold on same conditions. Insist on having Riker's Expectorant, and you are sure of perfect satisfaction. Sold almost everywhere.



The Seven Cuticura Boys

These seven beautiful boys owe their beauty of skin, luxuriance of hair, purity of blood, and freedom from hereditary taint or humors of the skin or scalp, to the celebrated CUTICURA REMEDIES.

For cleansing, purifying and beautifying the skin of children and infants, and curing torturing, disfiguring, itching, scaly and pimply diseases of the skin, scalp and blood, with loss of hair, from infancy to old age, CUTICURA, the great skin cure, and CUTICURA SOAP, an exquisite skin beautifier, prepared from it, externally, and CUTICURA RESOLVENT, the new blood purifier, internally, are infallible.

Your most valuable CUTICURA REMEDIES have done my child so much good that I feel like saying this for the benefit of those who are troubled with skin disease. My little girl was troubled with Eczema, and I tried several doctors and medicines, but did not do her any good until I used the CUTICURA REMEDIES, which speedily cured her, for which I owe you many thanks and many nights of rest. ANTON BOSSIMER, Edinburgh, Ind.

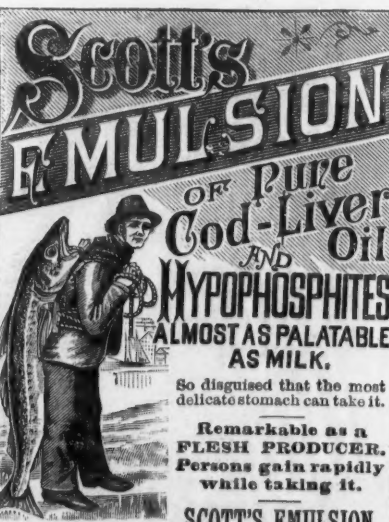
The CUTICURA REMEDIES are in great demand. The CUTICURA RESOLVENT sells better than any other blood purifier. The CUTICURA SOAP is praised by my customers, especially mothers, who say it is the best for babies, preventing and curing scall head and similar diseases. GEORGE HOBBS, P. M., Collins, Texas.

PIMPLES, blackheads, red, rough, chapped and oily skin prevented by CUTICURA SOAP.

FOR OVER THIRTY YEARS

"Brown's Bronchial Troches" have been used, with unflinching success, for the relief and cure of Coughs, Hoarseness, and other throat troubles. The late REV. HENRY WARD BEECHER said of them: "I have never changed my mind respecting them from the first, except I think yet better of that which I began by thinking well of. I have also commended them to friends, and they have proved extremely serviceable. I do not hesitate to say that your Troches are pre-eminently the best." —[Adv.]

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria,
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria,
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria,
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.



Remarkable as a FLESH PRODUCER. Persons gain rapidly while taking it. SCOTT'S EMULSION IS acknowledged by Physicians to be the FINEST and BEST preparation of its class for the relief of CONSUMPTION, SCROFULA, GENERAL DEBILITY, WASTING DISEASES OF CHILDREN, and CHRONIC COUGHS. ALL DRUGGISTS. Scott & Bowne, New York.

\$75 a Month & expenses to agents. New goods. Samples free. J. F. HILL, Augusta, Maine.

Our little son will be four years of age on the 25th inst. In May, 1885, he was attacked with a very painful breaking out of the skin. We called in a physician, who treated him for about four weeks. The child received little or no good from the treatment, as the breaking out, supposed by the physician to be hives in an aggravated form, became larger in blotches and more and more distressing. We were frequently obliged to get up in the night and rub him with soda in water, strong liniments, etc. Finally we called other physicians, until no less than six had attempted to cure him, all alike failing, and the child steadily getting worse and worse, until about the 20th of last July, when we began to give him CUTICURA RESOLVENT internally, and the CUTICURA and CUTICURA SOAP externally, and by the last of August he was so nearly well that we gave him only one dose of the RESOLVENT about every second day for about ten days longer, and he has never been troubled since with the horrible malady.

H. E. RYAN, Cayuga, Livingston Co., Ill.

Subscribed and sworn to before me this fourth day of January, 1887. C. N. COE, J. P.

Sold everywhere. Price: CUTICURA, 50c.; SOAP, 25c.; RESOLVENT, \$1. Prepared by the POTTER DRUG AND CHEMICAL CO., BOSTON, MASS.

Send for "How to Cure Skin Diseases," 64 pages, 50 illustrations, and 100 testimonials.

BABY'S Skin, scalp and hair preserved and beautified by the use of CUTICURA SOAP.

\$500 OFFERED for an incurable case of Catarrh in the Head by the proprietors of

DR. SAGE'S CATARRH REMEDY.

Symptoms of Catarrh.—Headache, obstruction of nose, discharges falling into throat, sometimes profuse, watery, and acrid, at others, thick, tenacious, mucous, purulent, bloody and putrid; eyes weak, ringing in ears, deafness, difficulty of clearing throat, expectoration of offensive matter; breath offensive; smell and taste impaired, and general debility. Only a few of these symptoms likely to be present at once. Thousands of cases result in consumption, and end in the grave.

By its mild, soothing, and healing properties, Dr. Sage's Remedy cures the worst cases. 50c.

Pierce's Pleasant Urinary Pellets The Original LITTLE LIVER PILLS. Purely Vegetable & Harmless.

Unequaled as a Liver Pill. Smallest, cheapest, easiest to take. One Pellet a Dose. Cure Sick Headache, Bilious Headache, Bizziness, Constipation, Indigestion, Bilious Attacks, and all derangements of the stomach and bowels. 25 cts. by druggists.

PILES Instant relief, final cure in a few days, and never returns; no purge; no salve; no suppository. Remedy mailed free. Address, J. H. REEVES, 78 Nassau St., New York.

\$230 A MONTH. Agents Wanted. 50 best selling articles in the world. 1 sample free. Address JAY BRONSON, Detroit, Mich.

OKLAHOMA A Complete History and Guide to Oklahoma, Illustrated, with sectional map of the Indian Territory, by Col. E. C. Cole. Every body contemplating going to that country should have one. It is the only history ever written of that wonderful country. Price \$1.00 by mail post-paid, OKLAHOMA PUBLISHING CO., Wichita, Kan.

500 SAMPLES, BOOKS, CIRCULARS, LETTERS AND PAPERS YOU TO RECEIVE FREE! from firms all over the world if you send 25 cents to have your name in the American Directory. Copy sent you with name inserted. Always address American Directory Co., Buffalo, N. Y.

ALLEN'S MAIL VERNON HILL, VA., Dec. 27, 1886. Gents—I have already received more than 1,000 parcels of mail, many NEWSPAPERS, etc., for which I had often paid 25 cts. each before. I advise every body to have their name inserted at once. I know from experience your directory far exceeds all others. R. T. JAMES.

A GRAND GIFT To introduce our wonderful Self-operating Washing Machine, we will GIVE ONE AWAY in every town. Best in the World. No labor or rubbing. SEND FOR ONE to the NATIONAL CO., 23 Dey St., New York.

DEAFNESS OVERCOME

Extract from Sol Fringle's Letter in New York World. A little incident which occurred last Sunday morning revealed the fact to me that a friend of mine had impaired hearing, resulting from chronic nasal catarrh.

It is estimated by eminent aurists that about one person in three has impairment in hearing—taking forty inches "by the watch" as the normal hearing distance—and about 90 per cent of such impairment is of catarrhal origin.

Dr. F. M. Blodgett, of No. 1286 Broadway, a graduate of Harvard University in 1870, was afflicted with catarrhal deafness for ten years, and was treated by the most eminent artists of this country and Europe without permanent benefit.

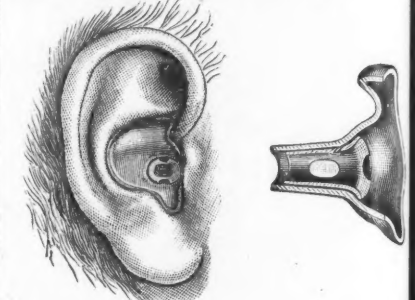


Figure 1.

Figure 2.

Dr. Blodgett studied the ear and hearing in the light of modern acoustic science, cured himself, and finally invented and patented the Micro-Audiphone in the United States, Canada and Great Britain, and during the past two years over six thousand deaf persons have consulted him, and most of them wearing the audiphones with great benefit. In cases of deafness of less than five years' standing the doctor overcomes them by his "new method" in six office treatments in one week for \$5.00.

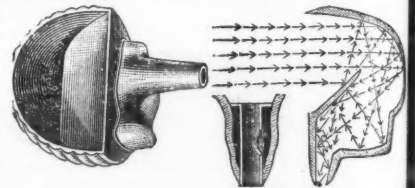


Figure 3.

Figure 5.

The above cuts and descriptions briefly represent the audiphone. Figure 1 shows the audiphone in the ear. It is made of flesh-colored material, with a vibrating tube inserted. Figure 2 shows a sectional view, with vibrating membrane. Figure 3 shows a "shell attachment" for long distance hearing—for churches, lectures and theaters. Figure 4 shows a sectional view, corresponding to Figure 2. The arrows denote the angles of incidence and reflection and the deviation of the sound waves as they are focused, reflected, concentrated and intensified directly on the drumhead of the ear. An interesting illustrated descriptive pamphlet will be mailed free to any one sending address to the Micro-Audiphone Company, 1286 Broadway, New York.

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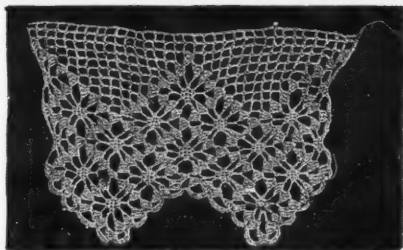
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